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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

With this number of The Bookman we have pleasure in presenting to our readers an interesting collection of pictures connected with the life and work of Robert Browning. For kind assistance in enabling us to obtain many of these illustrations we have to acknowledge our indebtedness to Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. for permitting us to reproduce various portraits, photographs, and manuscript; to Messrs. George Bell and Sons for the loan of drawings by Byam Shaw; to Mr. John Lane for an illustration from "The Statue and the Bust"; to Messrs. Cassell and Co., Ltd., for an illustration from "The Magazine of Art"; to Miss A. M. Shrimpton for permission to include a reproduction of her picture "Pippa Passes"; to Mr. Arthur A. Dixon for his copyright painting of "The Pied Piper of Hamelin"; to Professor Legros, Mr. Rudolph Lehmann, and Mr. Felix Moscheles for allowing us to include their portraits of Browning; to Mr. W. H. Grove for his kindness in supplying, amongst others, two unpublished photographs; and to Messrs. Fradelle and Young for the negative from which the pictorial wrapper has been reproduced.

MISS VIOLET JACOB,
whose new novel, "The Sheepstealers," is one of the successes of the year.
(Photograph kindly supplied by Mr. William Heinemann.)
From photo by Bullingham.

Mr. G. W. E. Russell has undertaken to write a new monograph on Matthew Arnold. Mr. Russell's intimacy with Arnold should give his book a special value and authority. It will be by no means superfluous, even in view of the recent books by Professor Saintsbury and Mr. Herbert Paul.

We understand that Dr. Stopford Brooke will follow up his eminently successful books on Tennyson and Browning with a volume on Mr. William Morris. Dr. Brooke ranks Morris as a poet very high, and is minutely familiar with his work.

In view of the great numbers of short biographies which are produced nowadays, certain questions of copyright become important. For example, how far is a writer on Tennyson entitled, without permission, to use facts published in the authorised biography? In one case recently the publishers of a short life of a certain novelist had to pay a considerable sum to the owners of the standard biography.

On the whole the publishing season has been satisfactory so far, but in the case of the more popular books it has been very difficult to secure prompt delivery from the bookbinders. The men demanded from their employers some time ago what would have amounted to an increase in wages of about four shillings a week. This was refused, and in consequence the men refused to work overtime. This has put many books late, and interfered with the delivery of others. Of one very popular new book the delivery the other day was short by about 30,000 copies. Means, however, are being taken to overcome the difficulty, and it is hoped that the inconvenience may be reduced to a minimum.

It is generally thought that much of the London bookbinding will by and by be transferred to the country. Messrs. Hazell, Watson and Viney, of Aylesbury, have entered into a contract with Messrs. Routledge to do all the binding of that firm for some years.

With reference to our statement last month regarding the sales of "Temporal Power," we learn that so far from the repeat orders not comparing favourably with those of "The Master Christian," they have established a record even in the gigantic sales of Marie Corelli's novels. Up to the present, during the same period, the sales of "Temporal Power" have exceeded those of "The Master Christian" by over 20,000, and some idea of the demand for the book, even after the first rush, may be obtained from the fact that all the retail booksellers, with one exception, in Brighton, sent large repeat orders within a few weeks of publication, while a single repeat order from one retail bookseller in another part of the country was for 728 copies.

Mr. Pierpont Morgan is carrying the American invasion into new fields. We hear on good authority that he has recently bought the original MS. of "The Seven Lamps of Architecture" from Mr. Geo. Allen for the sum of £5,000.

Miss Beatrice Harraden has now practically completed the MS. of her new novel. It will appear in the first place as a serial in the *Queen*, and will afterwards be published in book form by Miss Harraden's publishers, Messrs. Blackwood and Son.

From photo by [*London Stereoscopic Co.*

AN EXCELLENT AND CHARACTERISTIC PHOTOGRAPH OF MISS ELIZABETH BANKS, IN A MANTA, THE NATIONAL GARMENT OF PERU.

Miss Banks is the author of the vivacious "Autobiography of a Newspaper Girl," which is noticed in another column.

A NEW PORTRAIT OF MR. AUSTIN DOBSON IN HIS STUDY,
Whose new volume, "Side-Walk Studies," is reviewed on page 60.

Mr. George Moore has given the title "The Untilled Field" to his new volume of stories shortly to be published here and in America by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin and Messrs. J. B. Lippincott Co.

Mr. Weyman's new novel, the whole of the MS. of which is now complete, is called "The Long Night." It will be published as a serial in the *Graphic*, and afterwards in book form by Messrs. Longmans and Co.

Mr. Davenport Thomas, the author of "The Ramparts of Jezreel," a new novel which Messrs. Longmans have in the press, is a member of the London Stock Exchange.

We hear Sir Walter Armstrong's "Turner," Japanese paper edition, is all subscribed, and that copies are already fetching a premium, although the edition was only issued on October 14th. The special paper edition is to be raised from £6 6s. to £8 8s. on November 1st, but will not be ready before November 21st.

Messrs. Anthony Treherne and Co. have purchased a new novel by Mr. William Le Queux, which they will publish in the spring. The same firm have also secured for publication next year novels by Mr. Richard Marsh and Mr. Herbert Compton. Mr. Compton's book is thought, both by the author and the publisher, to be equal to his well-known "The Inimitable Mrs. Massingham."

Messrs. Treherne and Co. have secured for several

years as their literary manager Mr. Sidney Dark, who has for some time written "Books and Bookmen" for the *Daily Mail*.

Professor Charles Oman, the well-known author of "The History of England," "The Peninsular War," etc., is one of the few people whose literary labours have brought them into close touch with the entertaining naval and military autobiographies of the last century. They form in many cases first hand evidence of great historical value, and where the writers happen to have a graphic style, their narratives are full of romantic adventure. Many of these volumes are now extremely rare, and have never been reprinted. Professor Oman has selected a considerable number which appear well worth republishing, and is engaged in editing them with a few explanatory notes and omissions. The first volume—"My Adventures during the Late War: A Narrative of Shipwreck, Captivity, Escapes from French Prisons, and Sea Service in 1804-1814, by Donat Henchy O'Brien, Captain R.N."—was to appear on Thursday, the 30th. The volume contains a portrait of Captain O'Brien, with biography, a map, and the quaint original illustrations. It is not generally known that Captain O'Brien's escapes suggested to Captain Marryat a great part of the plot of "Peter Simple." The series will be published by Mr. Edward Arnold.

Mr. Egerton Castle is busy writing a series of short stories for publication in *Collier's Weekly*. The stories will deal with "The Incomparable Bellairs."

"The Star Dreamer," the new novel by Agnes and Egerton Castle, now running serially in the *Queen*, will be published in book form in the spring of next year—in this country by Messrs. Constable and Co., and in America by Messrs. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Mr. R. W. Chambers has completed the MS. of a new novel to which he has given the title "Maids of Paradise." It is said to be a story of the same period as that in which the scene of "Ashes of Empire" is laid.

Mr. Baring Gould is the writer of the serial story which is to follow the novel at present running in the *Treasury*.

One of the most important features of *T. P.'s Weekly* will be a new novel from the pen of Mr. Rider Haggard. It is entitled "Stella Frigellius," and its subject marks a new departure for its popular author.

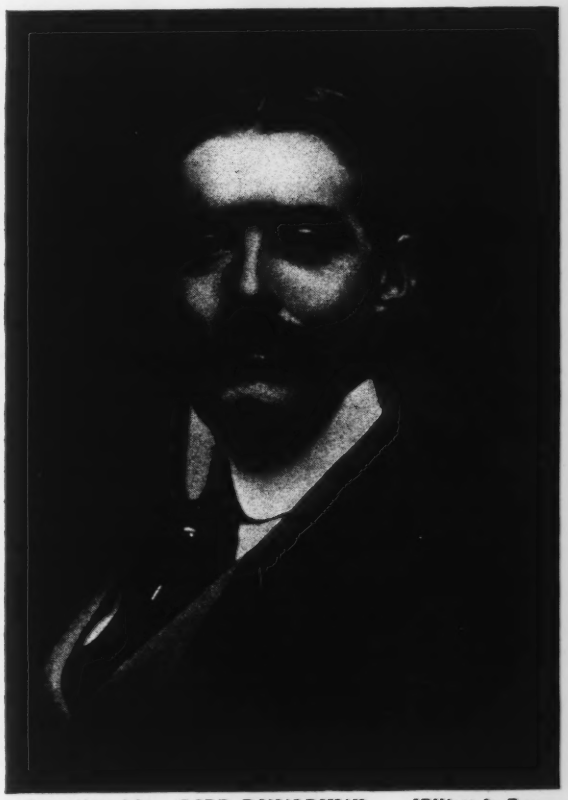
Messrs. Hurst and Blackett have, we understand, secured the rights of book publication in Mrs. Mannington Caffyn's new novel, which, by the way, is to be called "He for God Only."

Mr. Arthur Morrison is writing another series of "The Adventures of Martin Hewitt" for one of the most popular of the illustrated magazines.

We are interested to hear that Mr. Morrison's new novel, "The Hole in the Wall," has so far proved to be the most popular book he has written.

Miss Adeline Sergeant's new novel is entitled "Anthea," and will be published by Messrs. Methuen and Co.

The October number of the *Quarterly* contains an article on "The Novel of Misery." We understand it is written by Mr. Edward Wright, the author of the recent *Quarterly* article on "The Golden Age of English Prose." Mr. Wright began his literary career by an article in the *Contemporary* on French criticism, and has continued it in the *Quarterly*. Beyond editing a volume for Messrs. Methuen he has published no separate book. In the *Quarterly* article a good many writers are passed under review, both in France and England and in America. Moderate praise is given to various writers, including Mr. St. John Adcock, Mr. Pugh, and Mr. Pett Ridge. But the reviewer gives most attention to Mr. Gissing and Mr. Morrison. In noticing Mr. Gissing, however, he has nothing to say of "New Grub Street," which to some of us appears to be the greatest and truest of Mr. Gissing's works. The same number of the *Quarterly* contains an article on "Modern Pessimism," in which the writer praises "that grim and powerful tale, 'The House with the Green Shutters,'" and discusses the pessimism of Thomas Hardy. He finds that Mr. Hardy's philosophy of life "is adumbrated already in his first great novel, where he strikes the keynote, so



From photo by] LORD RONALDSHAY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

Author of "Sport and Politics Under an Eastern Sky," a review of which appears on another page.

to speak, in that deep-toned voice of sombre strength which characterises his subsequent work. Let human life be as sad in some of its aspects and as sordid as the gloomiest pessimism can depict it, still the darkness may be irradiated by a solemn sense of duty —the duty of making the best of it in action and suffering."

The *Edinburgh Review* has attained its centenary, and the October number contains a retrospective article illustrated with portraits. On the whole, very little is added to what was already known of the history of the *Review*. In Macvey Napier's correspondence particulars are freely given of the contributors during his editorship. The memoirs of the life of Henry Reeve contain less on this subject, but we may give a few facts. In was in 1855 that Henry Reeve undertook to edit the *Edinburgh Review*, at first as a temporary arrangement, but afterwards as a permanency. Reeve was then connected with the *Times*, where he wrote most of the articles on foreign policy. Shortly after he accepted the editorship of the *Review* he severed his connection with the *Times*, a connection which began in June, 1840, and ended in October, 1855. During that period Reeve wrote about 2,482 articles, receiving upwards of £13,000 for them. During the period of Reeve's association with the *Times* the circulation rose from about 13,000 to 62,000. Reeve took offence at an attempt being made to interfere with him and to garble his articles. Among his contributors was John Forster, who reviewed Guizot's work on Oliver Cromwell. Reeve did not like Macaulay, and said of his history, "It wearies by the sustained effort of the style, and having looked into some of the authorities, I am astonished at its inaccuracies."

MR. HAROLD BEGBIE.
Author of the humorous novel, "The Adventures of Sir John Sparrow, Bart.," noticed in another column.

Brougham wrote a little for him at the beginning, and treated him in a friendly way, and Sir George Cornewall Lewis continued a member of the staff. Reeve himself wrote a great deal, and in all cases revised the proofs, so that every article which appeared in the *Review* bore to some extent the impress of his own mind. He seldom published the review of a book which he had not himself read. One of his chief rules was to entrust a review to no one whose relations to the author of the work in question might be supposed to give his opinions a personal bias, nor yet to anyone who had already reviewed the work in any other periodical. As time went on, he secured a staff nearly all of whom were united to him by personal friendship.

Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

(1) ENGLAND.

SEPTEMBER 20TH TO OCTOBER 20TH, 1902.

The production in literature during the past month has been exceedingly heavy, and by way of illustration it may be mentioned that one of the leading wholesale houses received in one day the stock of 98 new books. Complaints are from time to time heard that the bookseller and his assistant of the present day are not as up-to-date as they should be in their knowledge of modern books, but it will readily be recognised that to be thoroughly *au courant* with an output of such dimensions is almost an impossibility. The demand has throughout the month steadily improved, and if during the coming season it should in any way compare favourably with the activity of the publishers there will be little cause for dissatisfaction.

The 6s. novel has of itself been a very prolific item, some fifty new issues having appeared. Of course, a large percentage of the productions in this class have a very short existence, and in a few weeks after their appearance they are seldom in request. The trade, therefore, with the fear of being overstocked, fight shy of taking numbers of any but by authors with an established reputation. "Fuel of Fire," by Miss Fowler, has been the chief work of fiction during the month, having been in constant request. Among a rather numerous list of other works which have commanded a ready sale, are "The Vultures," "The River," "Love and the Soul Hunters," "In Kings' Byways," "Temporal Power," "Highway of Fate," "Donovan Pasha," "If I were King," "Flower o' the Corn," and "Paul Kelver."

An abridged re-issue of "The Eternal City," conforming in its structure to the arrangement of the dramatic version of the story, has sold freely.

Art has been well represented by two issues of "The Life of J. M. W. Turner," the one an edition de luxe by Sir Walter Armstrong, and a less pretentious venture by C. A. Swinburne.

Undoubtedly, from a juvenile point of view, the chief production has been the "Just-So Stories," by Rudyard Kipling. An edition of 25,000 has been cleared in a few weeks.

The "Golliwoggs' Air-Ship" promises as great a success as its predecessors, and an "A B C of Everyday People," by G. E. Farrow, has already found many purchasers. The number of children's illustrated books is legion, and among the most popular may be mentioned the brightly pictured productions of Messrs. Nister and Raphael Tuck.

Volumes of most of the magazines are to hand, and many of the best known, more especially the favourites of the youthful community, such as Boy's and Girl's Own Annuals, "Little Folks," "Chatterbox," and "Sunday," are already widely circulated.

The "Unspeakable Crosland" is the title of a witty rejoinder to that author's "Unspeakable Scot," and, judging

by the sales already effected, promises well, but it is as yet far from having attained to the measure of success of the original, which still continues its prosperous career.

The charm of John Wesley's career continues to interest the present generation, and it is evident that the British public has been somewhat misjudged in its apparent lack of appreciation for anything but fiction, as the very successful issue of the abridged "Journal" of that eminent divine shows that there is still a considerable portion of the community who value sterling worth in literature.

"The Poetry of Robert Browning," by Stopford A. Brooke, is selling freely, and the same may be said of Lord Ronaldshay's "Sport and Politics under an Eastern Sky."

The death of Philip J. Bailey caused a moderate revival in the demand for his "Festus."

A noticeable feature of the present time is the increasingly large number of American books placed upon the English market either through the direct agencies of the American houses or through English publishers. It is, however, only in exceptional cases that these catch on to any extent with our reading public.

The sale of pocket volumes continues to extend in dimensions; the various editions of Temple publications, together with the World's Classics, Coronation Series, and the Illustrated Pocket Classics, have all found numerous admirers.

The sale of magazines has during the past month been very large.

The following is a list of the books which have sold most freely during the month:—

Fuel of Fire. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Vultures. By H. Seton Merriman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
The River. By Eden Phillpotts. 6s. (Methuen.)
Love and the Soul Hunters. By John Oliver Hobbes. 6s. (Unwin.)
In Kings' Byways. By Stanley J. Weyman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Highway of Fate. By Rosa Nouchette Carey. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Donovan Pasha. By Gilbert Parker. 6s. (Heinemann.)
If I were King. By J. H. McCarthy. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Temporal Power. By Marie Corelli. 6s. (Methuen.)
Paul Kelver. By Jerome K. Jerome. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Flower o' the Corn. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (J. Clarke.)
Eternal City. By Hall Caine. 6s. and 2s. (Heinemann.)
Intrusions of Peggy. By Anthony Hope. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Turner (J. M. W.) Life. By Sir W. Armstrong. 152s. net. (Agnew.)
Turner (J. M. W.) Life. By C. A. Swinburne. 7s. 6d. net. (Bickers.)
Just-So Stories. By Rudyard Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Blackies. 6s., 5s., and 3s. 6d. Boys' and Girls' Story Books.
The Golliwogs' Air-Ship. By B. Upton. 6s. (Longmans.)
The A B C of Everyday People. By G. E. Farrow. 3s. 6d. (Blackie.)
Messrs. Nister and Raphael Tuck's Illustrated Juveniles.
John Wesley's Journal, abridged. By P. L. Parker. 3s. 6d. net. (Isbister.)
Sport and Politics under an Eastern Sky. By Lord Ronaldshay. 21s. net. (W. Blackwood.)
The Unspeakable Crosland. 1s. (Treherne.)
The Unspeakable Scot. By T. W. H. Crosland. 5s. (Richards.)
Drummond's Natural Law in the Spiritual World. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Poetry of Robert Browning. By S. A. Brooke. 10s. 6d. (Isbister.)
The Lives of Ruskin and Tennyson. Each 2s. net. (Macmillan.)

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
Sept. 27—Demand steady in all departments.
Oct. 4—Brisk in home departments, but quieter in Export.
,, 11—A fair average week.
,, 18—A noticeably increased demand in all departments.

(2) SCOTLAND.

SEPTEMBER 20TH TO OCTOBER 20TH, 1902.

A hopeful tone characterised the business of the month, and as many excellent books were issued orders were freely given for them by the trade. Probably the two most important works published, of a popular nature, were Sir Conan Doyle's enlarged and completed edition of "The Great Boer War," and Mr. Kipling's charming volume for the little folks entitled "Just-So Stories."

An unusually large number of six-shilling novels were published, the most successful of these being "Fuel of Fire," by Miss Fowler; "Flower o' the Corn," by S. R. Crockett; "Intrusions of Peggy," by Anthony Hope; "Love and the Soul Hunters," by J. O. Hobbes; and "M. D'Haricot," by J. S. Clouston, author of that amusing work "The Lunatic at Large."

The sales of "Temporal Power," by Marie Corelli, continued steady, and the requests for "The Vultures," by H. S. Merriman, were much beyond expectations.

Two forthcoming six-shilling novels gained special attention—J. M. Barrie's "Little White Bird" and Ralph Connor's "Glengarry Days."

On account of the tragic death of Emile Zola and the public notices of his life, there were many enquiries for his more popular books.

As usual, at this season, much of the literature issued consisted of gift books, handsomely bound and illustrated, suited to young people. The competition in this class of publishing was unusually enterprising and meriting success.

The most noteworthy addition to what are well known as "thin paper" books, was that of the Edinburgh Edition of Carlyle's works, produced with great elegance and good taste.

Considerable interest in Scotland was shown in the various religious works announced for early publication. The sales of Dr. Matheson's new volume entitled "Representative Men of the Bible" were good, and the orders given for several biographies of eminent religious writers promised well for the success of these books.

The following magazines passed out of print:—"Harper," "Smart Set," "Munsey," and "The Idler," which had returned, after various changes, to one of its founders, Mr. Barr.

Our list of best selling books is as follows:—

Fuel of Fire. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. 6s. (Hodder.)
Just-So Stories. By Rudyard Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan.)
The Great Boer War. By Conan Doyle. 10s. 6d. (Smith and Elder.)
The Vultures. By H. Seton Merriman. 6s. (Smith and Elder.)
Love and the Soul Hunters. By John Oliver Hobbes. 6s. (Unwin.)
The Intrusions of Peggy. By Anthony Hope. 6s. (Smith and Elder.)
M. D'Haricot. By J. S. Clouston. 6s. (Blackwood.)
In Kings' Byways. By Stanley J. Weyman. 6s. (Smith and Elder.)
Flower o' the Corn. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Clarke.)
Bayard from Bengal. By F. Anstey. 3s. 6d. (Methuen.)
Bar, Stage, and Platform. By H. C. Merivale. 6s. (Chatto.)
Representative Men of the Bible. By Dr. George Matheson. 6s. (Hodder.)
English Men of Letters—Tennyson, Ruskin. 2s. net. (Macmillan.)
Nebo the Nailer. By S. Baring Gould. 6s. (Cassell.)
Paul Kelver. By Jerome K. Jerome. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Son of Gad. By J. A. Steuart. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Temporal Power. By Marie Corelli. 6s. (Methuen.)
Andrew Carnegie. By B. Alderson. 2s. 6d. (Pearson.)
Louis Wain's Nursery Book. 1s. (Clarke.)
Newnes', Treherne's, and Chapman and Hall's Editions in Thin Paper of Standard Works.

The Booksellers' Diary.

NOVEMBER.

PUBLICATION DATES OF SOME NOTABLE BOOKS.

November 5th.

ROLLAND, ROMAIN.—Millet, 2s. and 2s. 6d. ..... (Duckworth)
BARNABY, BEATRICE.—Rosslyn's Raid. Greenback Library. 1s. 6d. and 2s. ..... (Duckworth)
GLYN, ELINOR.—The Reflections of Ambrosine, 6s. (Duckworth)
RIVETT-CARNAC, MARION.—Little Edelweiss in Switzerland, 3s. 6d. ..... (Duckworth)

November 6th.

GREIN, J. T.—Dramatic Criticism, 3s. 6d. ..... (Greening)
BRET HARTE and T. E. PEMBERTON.—Sue: a Play, 2s. 6d. (Greening)
PLANT, C. P.—The King's Pistols, 6s. ..... (Sonnenschein)
COOKE, W. B.—The Canon's Daughters, 6s. ..... (Sonnenschein)
BOSVILLE, GODFREY.—Hunting in Couples, 6s. (Sonnenschein)
AUSTEN, JANE.—Sense *v.* Sensibility. Mansfield Park. Hampshire Edition. 2 Vols. 2s. 6d. net each (Brimley Johnson)
EARLE, REV. W.—Eyes Within: Poems, 5s. net ... (George Allen)
THOMAS, ANNIE.—The Cleevers of Cleever, 6s. ..... Treherne
PERRIN, MRS. ALICE.—The Spell of the Jungle, 3s. 6d. (Treherne)

November 7th.

THORNE, GUY.—The Oven, 3s. 6d. ..... (Greening)
WARDEN, GERTRUDE, and HAROLD E. GORST.—Compromised, 6s. ..... (Greening)
FRANCE, ANATOLE.—Thais. Trans. by E. M. S. Tristan. 1s. and 2s. 6d. net ..... (Greening)
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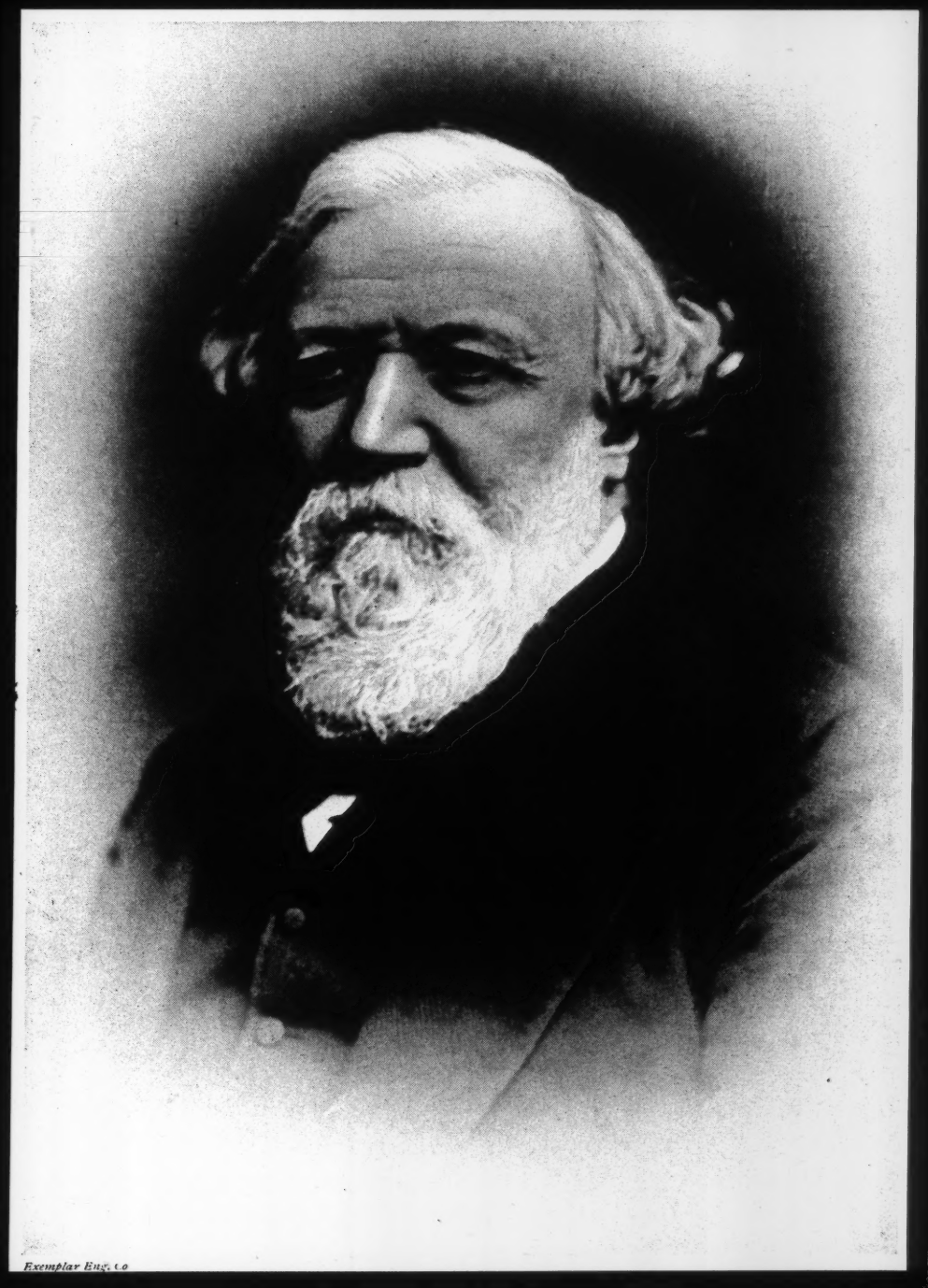

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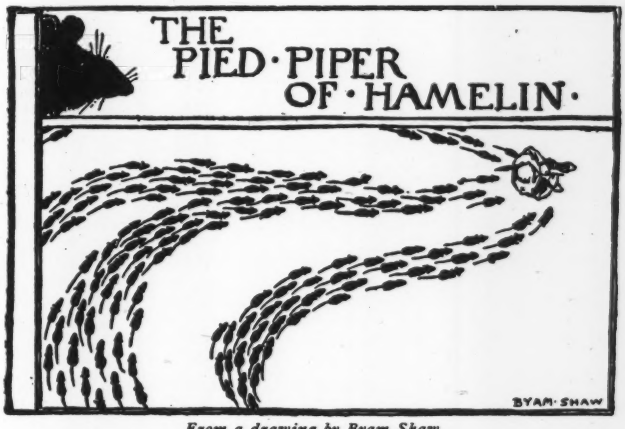
The Reader.

THE POETRY OF ROBERT BROWNING.*

BY PROF. EDWARD DOWDEN.

A PARTY of tourists cannot travel by a more comfortable funicular railway than this to the summit of Parnassus, there to enjoy liberal prospects while they picnic and the Muses attend. Genial, affluent, sensitive, discriminating, youthful and mature, sometimes eloquent, Mr. Stopford Brooke straightens out the tangles of Browning, and, what is better, does not find the chief joy of Browning's poetry in the tangles. The pleasure of reading such a volume lies largely in testing our own feeling for this and for that as we go along. Have we felt the meaning and the music as broadly or as finely as the critic? No,—then an upward stretch, a pull of his friendly hand, and we may see things from where he sees them. Or has he by misadventure failed to find the fortunate point of observation? Then it is exhilarating to assert our independence, and, like Bottom in the ass-head, walk up and down, singing to our own tune and showing that we are not afraid. Thus both ways we may get satisfaction—out of our acknowledged inferiority and out of some imagined superior insight.



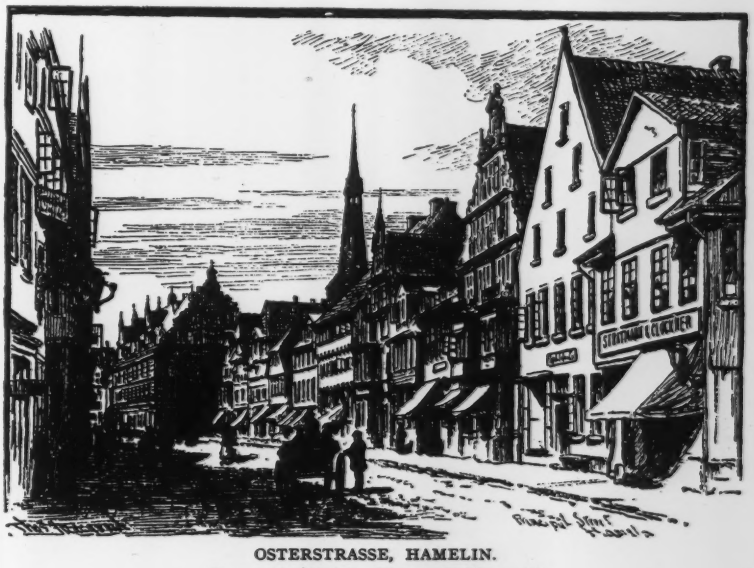
From a drawing by Byam Shaw.

"Rats!
They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats."
—"The Pied Piper of Hamelin."

(Reproduced from "Poems by Robert Browning," by kind permission of Messrs. George Bell and Sons.)

Mr. Brooke begins by contrasting the genius of Browning with that of Tennyson, and setting forth the causes that delayed so long popularity of the former. Browning was a psychological analyst before psychological analysis became the mode; in shorter poems he was an impressionist before impressionism was discovered; he felt more deeply than others the clash and complexity of modern life, and, by an original theory, which the public could not at once accept, he resolved the dissonance into a harmony, while yet he saved himself from the monotony of a theorist by the vast variety of his subjects and by a certain youthful freshness of temper; he was a historical critic in verse, as in his poems which revive the Renaissance period, before historical criticism was fully understood or appreciated; he broke away from conventions in a conventional age, thus anticipating a movement of the later years of his century; though English in certain qualities of his mind, he took little interest in English thought or English social questions; he was rather cosmopolitan than patriotic. Perhaps we may add that the poetry of a great poet being a discipline of the feelings and the imagination, and the public having, for sufficient reasons, accepted the tutelage of Tennyson, it was needful that the training of the accepted master should be complete before a second master could be widely received. We can hear many singers with pleasure if they do not dominate our senses and our fancy and our thought; but the service of a master is exacting, and for the time is exclusive of a different service.

Mr. Brooke passes to Browning's treatment of nature. Tennyson humanises nature; the natural world with Browning (speaking generally) is, like humanity, one manifestation of the creative joy of God, but it is a manifestation independent of man. Earth and Sea are "giant creatures who are not ourselves; Titans who live with one another and not with us"; man is the culmination to which nature tends, "its seal, its close, but not it." Nature, in Brown-



OSTERSTRASSE, HAMELIN.

From a drawing by Thomas R. Macquoid.

"Hamelin Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied."
—"The Pied Piper of Hamelin."

(Reproduced from the *Magazine of Art*, by kind permission of Messrs. Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

* "The Poetry of Robert Browning." By Stopford A. Brooke. 10s. 6d. (Isbister and Co.)

ing's poetry, may, indeed, be "unsympathetic wholly, mocking and playing with us like a faun." Browning's method of presenting landscape is studied by the critic, his extraordinary love of colour is illustrated, and also his universal love of living creatures, not only beautiful creatures, but what we call grotesque. A chapter follows in which Browning's "theory of human life" is set forth with illustrations from "Pauline" and "Paracelsus," in which early poems the theory is formulated. Here Mr. Brooke cannot be novel, but he is clear and precise. Man's tendency towards God through the shows and similitudes of earth is the central idea of the poet; it is part of man's discipline to accept

"PIPPA PASSES."

From a painting by Miss A. M. Shrimpton.

"And more of it, and more of it!—oh, yes—
I will pass by and see their happiness,
And envy none—being just as great, no doubt,
Useful to men, and dear to God, as they!
A pretty thing to care about
So mightily, this single holiday!"
—"Pippa Passes."

(Reproduced by kind permission of the Artist.)

loyally the limitations of life, while pressing through them to something higher; and in all failures of earth lies the promise of his infinite success. This naturally leads to "Browning as the poet of art," for the strivings of the true artist form a conspicuous example of the applications of Browning's theory of life. Special chapters are devoted to "Sordello," in whom Mr. Brooke discovers a Sordello-Browning, and to "The Dramas," which the critic, while recognising much in them that we should unwillingly lose, regards as the obstinate errors of one who was not a dramatist born. In his study of the "Poems of the passion of love," Mr. Brooke's contention is that (speaking again in a general way) Browning's imagination "was more intellectual than passionate, that while he felt love, he also analysed, even dissected it, as he wrote about it." The wide range of passions "other than love" of which Browning treats, his exhibition of individual personages who are also general types—"imaginative representations," as Mr. Brooke styles them, for want of a better name—and womanhood in Browning are dealt with in successive chapters. And what reasonable bystander will censure Mr. Brooke for falling fathom-deep in love with Balaustion? His imagination is so youthful that there is no bar through disparity of years, and Mr. Brooke is much more an Athenian than a Spartan, moving more to the Ionian than to the Dorian mood. Finally, "The Ring and the Book" is taken as a turning-point in Browning's development—that at which intellect began to oust imagination; and as the volume is not on Browning, but on his poetry, and Mr. Brooke finds comparatively little poetry in the latest volumes, they are dismissed with a few hasty words.

I do not think that Browning's imagination waned. But I think that he had again and again expressed his best thoughts and his best feelings in a direct, immediate way; and that in competition with his earlier self he was forced to new and less fortunate methods. The idea that truth is to be wrought out through falsehood grew upon him; and he more and more threw himself into a casuistic sympathy with characters alien to his instincts, his effort often being to use his opponents to demonstrate the truth of some portion of what we may term the Browning philosophy or doctrine of life—which term is not meant to describe it as purely intellectual, for this "philosophy" was a matter of feeling or of faith or of passion more, perhaps, than of the reason. He had said his say one way—and the best way; now he would wring some fragment of his own truth out of the lips of an unwilling witness. His effort was that of an athlete, and even where the result was not in itself beautiful, may there not be a certain æsthetic beauty in the spectacle of an old athlete's exercise?

On the whole, when we close this volume, our feeling is the satisfactory feeling of Tennyson's Northern Farmer:

"I thowt a 'ad summut to saäy,
An' I thowt a said whot a owt to 'a said an I coom'd awaäy."

But in speaking of "Fifine at the Fair," Mr. Brooke seems to have missed the mark. He is prepared for opposition from those who mistake cleverness for poetry, and find "Fifine" delightful; but in the future, he is assured, this piece of ingenuity will be the study only of pedants. Mr. Brooke has misread this admirable poem, which for vigour of thought, noble play of imagination and brilliance of expression, is hardly surpassed by any work of its author. Its subject, Mr. Brooke tells us, is an everyday occurrence; a husband grows a little weary of his married life, and indulges a passing desire for novelty and change. Is this very ordinary affair worth two thousand lines of verse?

Is not Mr. Brooke's sight somehow holden that he cannot see Browning's poem? A husband's desire for a new experience is as much the subject of "Fifine" as tar-water is the subject of Berkeley's "Siris." The theme is actually one of the highest that can occupy a poet; it is a study—passionate, imaginative, spiritual—of the relation in human life of illusion to reality, of the transitory to the permanent, of

50, WIMPOLE STREET.

Elizabeth Barrett Barrett's home from 1836 until her marriage with Robert Browning ten years later, where she passed many years in the confinement of a sick room. It was during this period that she wrote "The Cry of the Children."

Collection of Augustin Rischgitz.

falsehood to truth. The speaker, perhaps, is one who follows *deteriora*, but, if so, he compensates himself by a desperate intellectual sincerity in seeing and approving the *meliora*. He is a many-sided explorer and experimenter in life, imaginative as well as intellectual, witty and wise. Browning detaches himself, and especially by the ambiguous closing incident, from this keen-witted critic of life; the poet desires, as Butler in his "Analogy" desired, to take lower ground than his own; but the curious student of man and woman, of love and knowledge—imagination aiding his reason—is compelled by the very truth of things, as he perceives it, to work out his problems upon Browning's own lines, and he becomes a witness to the truth of Browning's own conclusions. Saul, before the poem closes, is also among the prophets. For him, as for Browning, "God and the soul stand sure." He sees, as Browning sees, man reaching upward through illusions—religious, philosophic, scholarly, artistic—to the Divine. The Pornic fair has become the Venice carnival, and this has grown into the vision of man's life, in which the fizgig of a philosophy or of a religion has replaced the fizgig of the gipsy in tricot. And in the matter of the love of man and woman, Browning's experimenter in life perceives in the end that the permanent—which is the Divine—can be reached through a single, central point of human love, but not through any vain attempt to manufacture an infinite by piecing together a multitude of points. I imagine that such a misnamed Don Juan as this, if he really intends to meet Fifine again, will be well able to hold her at arm's length, and win from her the truth of her gipsyhood, and the heart of her poor mystery, which he certainly desires to understand. In the manner of Jaques he may say:

"To her will I: out of these baladines
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd."

MR. J. M. BARRIE'S NEW NOVEL, "THE LITTLE WHITE BIRD."*

By A. T. Quiller-Couch.

"HEAVEN lies about us in our infancy"—perhaps. Heaven, I am ready to believe, lies about the infancy of a few born to die young; but we must find another word for the mysterious country of which most children's birth is but a dream and a forgetting. The glimpses they yield us of it, the glimpses we ourselves remember, are of a country very different from the heaven revealed to grown-ups or constructed by them out of their theologies. Heaven needs no candle, neither light of the sun: "its gardens and its gallant walks continually are green"; candour and clean pervading sunlight are of the warp of it—ask yourselves if this be not so. But in the country we speak of are dens and pitfalls and moving shadows and spaces across which we run, shutting our eyes. There is no fear in Heaven; the two notions exclude one another. But in this other country we never quite get away from fear; it is an inseparable part of our delight; we snatch "a trembling joy." Mischief haunts it too, and mere angels cannot be mischievous. Indeed, an angel may now and then find himself astray there, but really it is not heaven at all. You can call it the Land of Romance, or the Woods of Westermain, or the Country east of the Sun and west of the Moon, or simply Fairyland. It contains hosts of fairies, at all events, and one of its lords is Pan, he of the merry pipes and also of the hoof which, when he strikes it on the ground, sends all things scurrying in "panic."

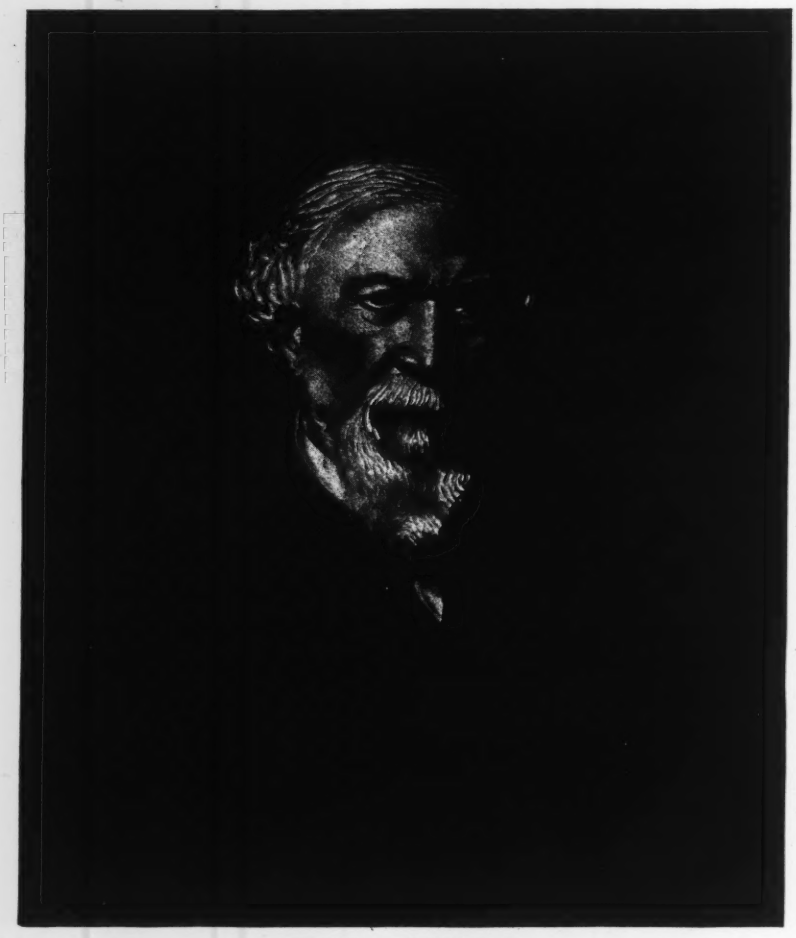
AN EARLY PORTRAIT OF ROBERT BROWNING, DRAWN IN 1835.

From an engraving by J. C. Armytage.
Collection of Augustin Rischgitz.

* "The Little White Bird." By J. M. Barrie. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

This is the country which Mr. Barrie locates within the railings of Kensington Gardens after lock-up time. He provides it with a capital Pan—Peter Pan—who has only to be read about to be believed in; he tells us in detail what the fairies do and what the birds; and he is quite clear about his geography. Indeed, he takes us from spot to spot with an air of knowledge so thorough that every child will believe him—unless it be the few who have been locked up in the Gardens and spent a night there; and concerning those few it is uncertain if they ever return, or if, returning, they would care to speak of the adventure. So nobody is likely to contradict him.

But though many children may read this book and believe it, it does not look to me like a book written for children, and it looks even less like a book written for grown-ups. You may say, and plausibly, that it was written by a fairy for fairies; or, still better, that it was written by a contrite fairy for fairy changelings; but I should prefer to call it a book written by the child inside Mr. Barrie for the children we used to be. And I would add—though it makes the whole business more uncanny—that while it is only by remembering a lost childhood that we grown-ups can understand the book, yet we can understand it better than the children themselves.



ROBERT BROWNING, 1884.
From a painting by Felix Moscheles.
(Reproduced by kind permission of the Artist.)

There has always been an elfin touch in Mr. Barrie's writing, and to understand it is to answer half the criticisms which will be passed on "The Little White Bird" during the next few weeks. He himself tells us: "One of the great differences between the fairies and us is that they never do anything useful. . . They looked tremendously busy, you know, as if they had not a moment to spare, but if you were to ask them what they were doing, they could not tell you in the least." You may take this for his modest ironical answer to those gentlemen who are already preparing to ask, "What is Mr. Barrie about? Time passes; his books come to us slowly enough in all conscience; we delight in them all; and yet in none of them can we recognise the thing we are waiting for. It is high time, surely, that he bestirred himself." In other words, they expect him to write, in some big triumphant fashion, the sort of thing they have in their own minds for him to write—which by an easy confusion they think of as "something useful." To this he replies, smiling, that the fairies never do anything useful, which is a good enough answer for them, with a little concealed meaning for those who are clever enough to find it. But I would answer more plainly, "When a fairy condescends to do something for your delight, and you really are delighted, be for the time content with that. He will never do quite what you expect, else he wouldn't be a fairy. And, above all, he is not to be hurried." The chief difference between the fairies and us (with all respect to Mr. Barrie's knowledge of their ways) is not that they never do anything useful, but that they are so tremendously occupied with the work in hand at the moment. When you or I invent our stories of men and women, we step around them and pull them about, and ask ourselves, "Will this do?" "Does this balance?" "This may be all very pretty in itself, but it seems to injure the general effect. Hadn't it better come out?"—distracting questions, which take us outside of the task, and are apt to end in that dreadful one, "Is it, after all, worth while?" I suspect that we are foolishly trying all the while to do that which the critics demand of Mr. Barrie. But Mr. Barrie seems to sit down and forget all this; he has his idea and straightway begins to enjoy himself. He plays with it, he embroiders it, he adds a jewel here and sews in a feather there; the task absorbs him, and each moment of the task absorbs him. I will venture a guess that if ever he produces the book or play which the critics have made up their minds he ought to write, it will be done at white heat, almost at a stretch, when, his genius having given him the simple idea, circumstances happen to allow him no time

ROBERT BROWNING.

From an oil painting by Gordigiani.

"The spacious unwrinkled forehead, in which thought seems to have accumulated and condensed; the watchful eyes, slightly over-drooped by their lids; the half-smiling, half-pondering mouth—all these points are well given, and realise very satisfactorily the impression which the man produced."—W. M. Rossetti, in the *Magazine of Art.*

(Reproduced from "The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett," by kind permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.)

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

From an oil painting by Gordigiani.

"She is remembered as a slight fragile little woman, with long tresses of dark brown hair curling naturally. The eyes were large and intelligent, the forehead high and broad, and the mouth and nose quite masculine in their strength."—C. Lewis Hind, in the *Art Journal.*

(Reproduced from "The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett," by kind permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.)

to play with it. He may not be happy while the compulsion lasts, but, if the critics mean anything, he will make *them* happy.

And I mean to be happy too; but I shall miss the elf with his adorable waywardness, and especially that adorable trick by which he takes logic a little way and then, with a duck of the head, is gone, has dived into truth by a short cut, and smiles back at his venerable but staggered companion. He is infinitely childlike, and I have called him "the child in Mr. Barrie"; he can tell us a hundred things about children; but he is, after all, not a real child, but an elf trying wistfully to get back and be one. Why he should desire it so urgently I cannot tell. There are numbers of children in the world, and to most of us it would seem a more distinguished thing altogether to be a genius, and be called Peter Pan, and to have written a book like a Christmas tree, and decorated it with whimsies and trembling tears and shining thoughts and laughter.

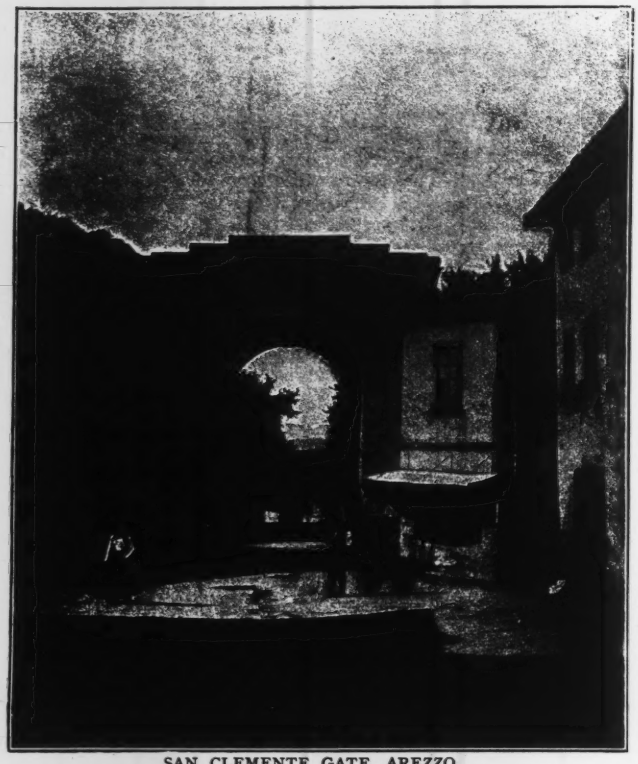
SIR ALFRED LYALL'S TENNYSON.*

By Dr. Richard Garnett, C.B.

IT is a token of Tennyson's consecration to the poetic art that, although he spent his life in writing, the description of him as "a man of letters" comes upon us with something of a shock. This honourable title scarcely consists with poetical inspiration of the purest order, and seems especially inappropriate to one who, although the internal evidence of his works shows his mind to have been saturated with literature, kept almost ostentatiously aloof from every department of it but poetry. The appellation, however, is even less appropriate to Byron, Wordsworth and Burns, who have been admitted into the series; while Moore, though more distinctively a man of letters than almost any other British poet, has hitherto been excluded. Burke, though his strictly literary performances are few, passes in, because he afforded a congenial subject to Mr. Morley; but Disraeli, though almost as much author as politician, remains outside; nor have we had perhaps the most perfect example of the man of letters that the Victorian era has produced, Bulwer. We make these remarks with the view of recommending a stricter attention to the legitimate object of the series, and by no means of complaining of the occasional introduction of great authors whom one hardly regards as literary men. If such a feeling existed, it must be dispelled by the singular merit of this volume. The selection of Sir Alfred Lyall as the writer was eminently felicitous. There are two points of view from which Tennyson is chiefly to be regarded—as a poet, and as the truest interpreter of the modes of thought and feeling characteristic of his age. Sir Alfred Lyall is an excellent poet, and a thinker familiar with the chief intellectual phases of the Victorian era. He further approves himself an admirable narrator and a critic of sound, well-balanced judgment. The result is a book with which it is hardly possible to find fault.

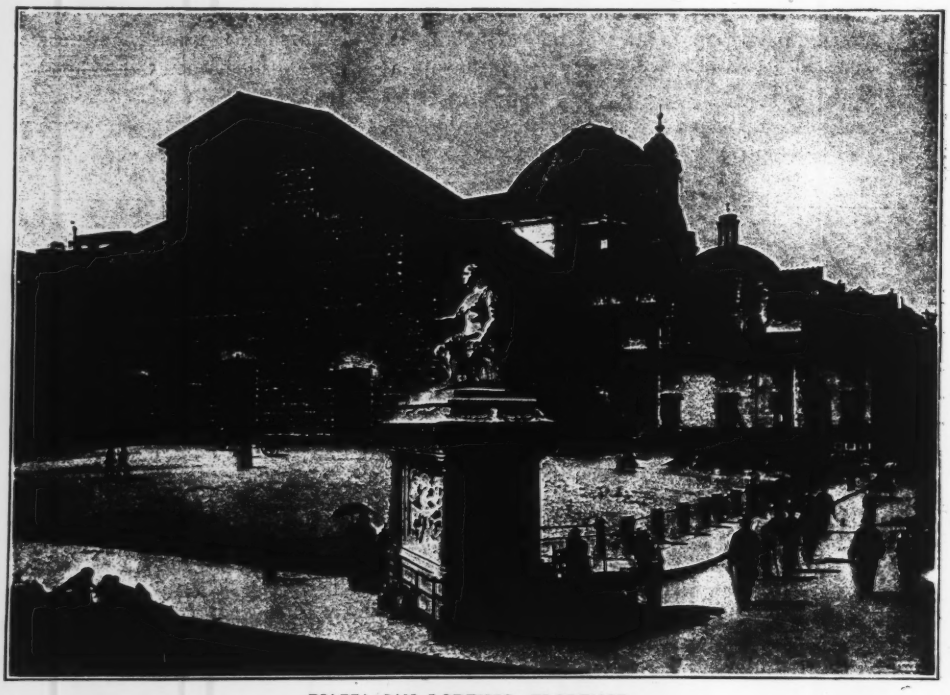
Sir Alfred Lyall appears to us to take precisely the cor-

* "Tennyson." By Sir Alfred Lyall, K.C.B. English Men of Letters. 2s. (Macmillan and Co.)



SAN CLEMENTE GATE, AREZZO.
By which Caponsacchi and Pompilia made their escape.
"'Lady, waste no thought, no word
Even to forgive me! Care for what I care—
Only! Now follow me as I were fate!
Leave this house in the dark to-morrow night,
Just before daybreak:—there's new moon this eve—
It sets, and then begins the solid black.
Descend, proceed to the Torrione, step
Over the low dilapidated wall;
Take San Clemente, there's no other gate
Unguarded at the hour."—Book VI., Lines 1074, etc.
(Reproduced from "The Ring and the Book," by kind permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.)

rect view of Tennyson as an intellectual force. His influence upon his age is very considerable, but it is not the kind of influence that is won by extraordinary depth or commanding originality. He is unlike Carlyle, who forms ideas by the native strength of his genius, independently of contemporary influences, forces these upon the age in its own despite, and actually modifies it in no small measure. Tennyson returns to his times what he has received from them, but in an exquisitely embellished and purified condition; he is the mirror in which the age contemplates all that is best in itself. Matthew Arnold would perhaps not have been wrong in declining to recognise Tennyson as "a great and powerful spirit" if "power" had been the indispensable condition of "greatness"; but he forgot that the receptive poet may be as potent as the creative. His cavil might with equal propriety have been aimed at Virgil. In truth, Tennyson's fame rests upon a securer basis than that of some greater poets, for acquaintance with him will always be indispensable to the history of thought and culture in England. What George Eliot and Anthony Trollope are for the manners of the period, he is for its mind: all the ideas which in his day chiefly moved the elect spirits of English society are to be found in him, clothed in the most exquisite language, and embodied in the most consummate form. That they did not originate with him is of no consequence whatever. We cannot consider him, regarded merely as a poet, as quite upon the level of his great immediate predecessors; but the total disappearance of any of these, except Wordsworth, would leave a less painful blank in our intellectual history than the disappearance of Tennyson. In an admirable passage, too long for quotation here, Sir Alfred Lyall speaks of "moderation in politics, refined culture, religious liberalism chequered by doubt, a lively interest in the advance of scientific discovery coupled with alarm lest it might lead us astray, attachment to ancient institutions, larger views of the duty of the State towards its people, and increasing sympathy with poverty and distress," as the special notes of the best minds of Tennyson's time, and the themes most congenial to the poet. In other points Sir Alfred not unjustly claims



PIAZZA SAN LORENZO, FLORENCE.
Where the "Book" was bought: showing "Baccio's marble."
"Do you see this square old yellow Book, I toss
I' the air, and catch again, and twirl about
By the crumpled vellum covers?—
. . . . . I found this book;
Gave a *lira* for it, eightpence English just,
(Mark the predestination!) when a Hand,
Always above my shoulder, pushed me once,
One day still fierce 'mid many a day struck calm,
Across a square in Florence, crammed with booths,
Buzzing and blaze, noontide and market-time,
Toward Baccio's marble."—Book I., Line 33, etc.
(Reproduced from "The Ring and the Book," by kind permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.)

for Tennyson a foresight almost amounting to inventive originality:—

> In the direction of political ideals his imaginative faculty enabled him sometimes not only to discern the movement, but also to lead the way. The imperial conception—realising the British Empire's unity in multiplicity, regarding it as a deep-rooted vine which sustains and nourishes its flourishing branches, while the branches in return give support and vitality to the stem—was proclaimed in his verse before it had attained its present conspicuous popularity. The revival and spread of profound veneration for the Throne, as the common centre and head of a scattered dominion, is another outcome of the same idea that owes its development to the last thirty years of Queen Victoria's reign; and some share in promoting it may fairly be attributed to the Laureate's stately verse.

The originality of Tennyson's style, nevertheless, is far more marked than his originality of thought. Beginning, even in his crudest attempts, with a manner distinctly his own, he attained a style which could be mistaken for that of no predecessor (though most curiously anticipated by a few blank verse lines of William Blake), and which no imitator has been able to rival. What is most truly remarkable is that while much of his poetry is perhaps the most artificial in construction of any in our language, and much again wears the aspect of bird-like spontaneity, these contrasted manners evidently proceed from the same writer, and no one would think of ascribing them to different hands. As a master of blank verse Tennyson, though perhaps not fully attaining the sweetness of Coleridge or the occasional grandeur of Wordsworth and Shelley, is upon the whole the third in our language after Shakespeare and Milton, and, unlike Shakespeare and Milton, he has made it difficult for his successors to write blank verse after him.

From photo by] ROBERT BROWNING. *[Elliott & Fry.*

Tennyson is essentially a composite poet. Dryden's famous verses, grand in expression, but questionable in their application to Milton, are perfectly applicable to him; save that, in making him, Nature did not combine two poets, but many. This is a common phenomenon at the close of a great epoch; it is almost peculiar to Tennyson's age that it should then have heralded the appearance of a new era; and that, simultaneously with the inheritor of the past, perhaps the most original and self-sufficing of all poets should have appeared in the person of Robert Browning. A comparison between these illustrious writers would lead us too far; we have already implied that Tennyson occupies the more conspicuous place in literary history on account of his representative character.

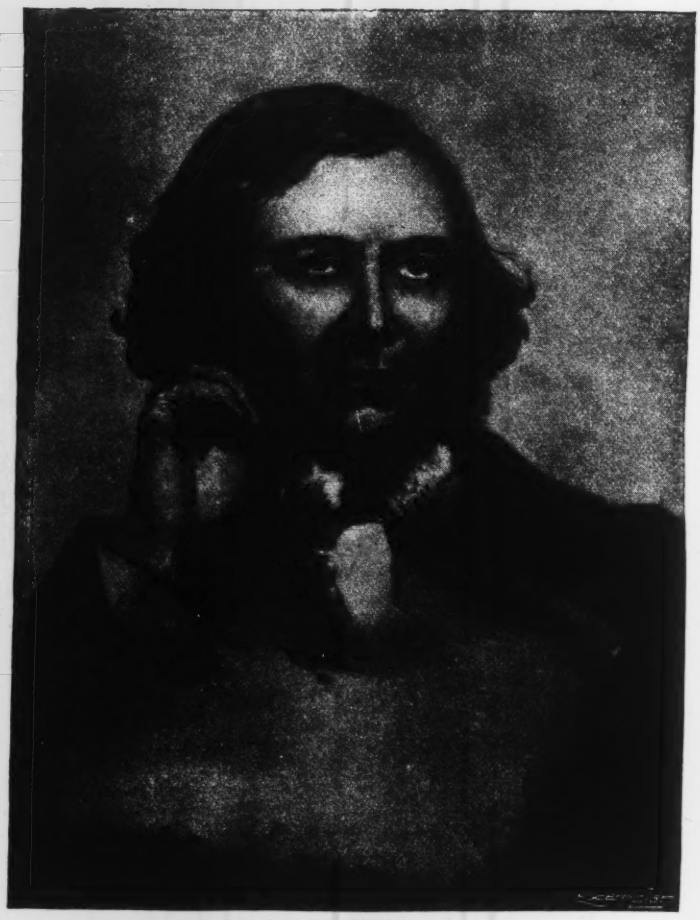
We find ourselves almost always in harmony with Sir Alfred Lyall's estimates of separate poems; any differences arise not on questions of principle, but from the inevitable variations of individual taste. We may think that enough has not been said of the magnificent but too commonly underrated "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington"; or of the canto in "Maud" beginning, "I have led her home," in our opinion the culminating point of all Tennyson's poetry. We may consider that somewhat too much space has been accorded to Tennyson's respectable but uninspired performances as a dramatist, and may have wished for a fuller analysis of the failure of the "Idylls of the King," if regarded as a whole. The expedient of a succession of detached pieces confesses the difficulty of epical treatment, but does not overcome them; for, with at most two exceptions, any one of the innumerable episodes of the Arthurian legend is as well entitled to a place in the work as any other. Tennyson sought to neutralise this incoherence by investing his poem with a unity of moral interest. Everything was to converge to the dissolution of the Round Table; but although this catastrophe might have been a proper subject for tragedy, it is unsuitable for epic. In epic, the hero must vanquish, or fall gloriously. The dissolution of the Round Table through the unruly appetencies of its members may afford a theme for the moralist, but spoils the epic as effectually as the Jerusalem Delivered would have been spoiled if Tasso had made the enterprise end in failure through the jealousies of the Crusaders. We believe that Tennyson's fame would have stood higher if he had made no addition to the four Idylls as originally published, but allowed them to stand as beautiful separate existences, each complete in itself, as "Ulysses" is complete, and unrelated to any central idea.

Sir Alfred Lyall has hardly omitted one of the influences that tended to make Tennyson what he was. One we miss, the remarkable amount of his indebtedness to his predecessors, more than repaid by the additional beauty imparted to all he borrows. Rightly considered, this is no detraction from his greatness. There is but one other great English poet of whom it is true in equal measure, and he is "the third among the sons of light."

WRITERS AS READERS.

By W. Pett Ridge.

A BOOK has been sent to me entitled "Charles Dickens as a Reader." It was published in 1872, and is now out of print; it was written by a delightful man, the late Mr. Charles Kent, who lived for some thirty years after receiving the last letter written by his friend, the great novelist. In this volume Mr. Kent gives figures in regard to the American readings. From a tour of less than five months the profits, it appears, were 228,000 dollars; during the last fifteen years of Dickens's life he gave in England some five hundred of these public readings; the money in the last house—date March the fifteenth of 1870, place St. James's Hall—was £422. Authors nowadays do not read their works to audiences of this extent and value, for the very good reason that the world has little desire to hear them, and even in America, where there exists an appetite for the spoken word and a keen desire to see how plain-featured a writing-man can be, instances have been known in late years of English authors setting out to favour that continent with readings, and being received with something short of rapture. There is, I am told, coy disinclination to guarantee expenses, and the oratorical statement that blood is thicker than water is not held to have any logical bearing on a commercial transaction. Regrettable, deeply regrettable, but true. Something more to be said. Too often, it is to be feared, an author submits himself for public hearing with every qualification, excepting only the possession of a voice; a tendency to confide his remarks to the single stud in his shirt-front is not in itself sufficient to gain public applause, and a disregard for stops and commas can sometimes degenerate into a positive drawback.



ROBERT BROWNING, 1859.

From the crayon drawing made in Rome by Field Talfourd, formerly in the possession of Edmund Gosse, Esq., now in the National Portrait Gallery, with inscription in the autograph of Browning.

"My sister—a better authority than myself—has always liked it, as resembling its subject when his features had more resemblance to those of his mother than in after-time, when those of his father got the better—or perhaps the worse—of them."—Letter from Browning to Edmund Gosse, Esq., Feb. 23rd, 1888.

Collection of Augustin Rischgitz.

Some of the Americans who have recently taken possession of London gave views the other day on readers who have visited their country. They showed little of enthusiasm, excepting in regard to a certain Frenchman who, in preparing once to address a crowded chapel, stepped out of the general ruck of lecturers, and earned for himself a never-fading reputation by falling into the baptistery; the accident was welcomed by the newspapers, and the Frenchman's tour proved a great success, audiences being apparently hopeful that he had other diverting tricks in store of similar excellence. "Reckon it's about time," said an elder member of the party who remembered Dickens—"reckon it's about time you sent us Charles the second."

Dickens must have been a reader of exceptional power, unique in this as in other directions. None but a rare man could have carried on the double work of running all over the map of England to read at town halls, and at the same time writing the monthly numbers of his current novel. Likely enough he paid for it with some years of his life, although Mr. Kent seems more inclined to blame the Staplehurst railway accident. When I was at school in Kent I was on friendly terms with the son of the Staplehurst stationmaster, and after I had allowed him to stump me out at cricket he would sometimes take me into his father's booking-office and show me there the dusty, yellow, tape-encircled correspondence regarding this terrible affair. It occurred in the days when the Tidal train was really a Tidal train, and changed its times of running to suit the vagaries of the Channel. A foreman platelayer, wishing to renew some lengths of line, took these out at a certain hour in the afternoon; not until the Continental express had dashed up and had tumbled over on its side down a viaduct, did the foreman perceive that he had mistaken the day. "I was under the impresion," the foreman's memorandum explained, "that it was 6th June, instead of which it was 9th." One defect the less in the intelligence of a platelayer, and the row of volumes that begins with "Pickwick Papers" and ends with "Edwin Drood," might be longer; a better acquaintance with the almanack on his part and many of us would have been privileged to hear the great man speak. But we all have to go out of this world at some time or other, and perhaps he is happiest who contrives to avoid outstaying his welcome.

If authors do not now read in public, there are still some who read their works in private, ever with a watchful eye upon the select audience, and ready to take up an attitude of injured dignity if they should observe desire for sleep. An author is an exacting person, and he is not pleased when, having finished, a sigh of relief comes (*mouvement dans l'auditoire*, as the French parliamentary reports say), and a voice asks complainingly, "Isn't it nearly time for lunch?" Most difficult of all, to give interest to sentimental chapters; at no other moment does the conviction come so forcibly to the mind that love is not all that Mr. Henry Harland cracks it up to be. An embrace on the stage always causes some young woman in the audience to giggle, and to hear an author, whom you have just beaten at lawn-tennis, declaiming his morning's work with the interjections natural to an ordinary man is not impressive.

"Let me see," says the gifted author, "where was I? Oh, I know! She nestled up to him and re-tied his cravate affectionately. 'Will this last for ever, Reginald?' she inquired prettily. 'For ever and a day,' he said. A slight quaver in his voice —— (I wish to goodness you wouldn't rock in that chair, my dear; you know how it irritates me") —— a slight quaver in his voice made her look up at him anxiously. For the first time it occurred to her that he too —— ("There's something wrong with this pipe of mine," says the gifted author. "Has anybody got such a thing as a hat-pin to spare without risk of disaster?) —— that he too perhaps had a past."

The craving for money on the part of authors which makes publishers' hair change colour has now and again induced them to listen to the persuasion of light-hearted friends, and they have placed themselves in the hands of a lecture agent. It seems like an excellent game for winter evenings, and the prospect of talking to people who have disbursed coins for the joy of listening is a scheme that in the abstract has all the charm of novelty. I fear, however, that lecturing must be numbered amongst the joys of anticipation. The opportunities in England are limited to educational institutes and town halls and public schools; I know men who have started on a lecturing tour and have speedily found their constitutions undermined and their gay spirit depressed by cups of hot coffee, or glasses of a wine which the committees insist on calling sherry. The work, moreover, entails a life of railway travelling, and the money results have no close relation to the figures recorded in Mr. Kent's book, so that when audiences begin to intimate that they have had enough, the writing men, explaining that literature demands all of their time, give it up and return to their blotting pads. It is well to be able to take a hint gracefully. A young woman of Oxfordshire went once to a tenants' ball where a farmer, having begged the favour of her waist and hand for a waltz, contrived to hurt her toes, to bark her shins, to tear the flounces of her dress. The damaged lady stopped presently, and asked her partner whether he would very much mind if they sat out the remainder of the waltz. "Jest as you like, miss," said the farmer agreeably, "jest as you like. I'm only a dancin' for *your* pleasure!"

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, 1859.
From the crayon drawing made in Rome by Field Talfourd. Now in the National Portrait Gallery.

"She whom he now saw for the first time had long been to him one of the greatest of living poets; she was learned as women seldom were in those days. It must have been apparent, in the most fugitive contact, that her moral nature was as exquisite as her mind was exceptional. She looked much younger than her age, which he only recently knew to have been six years beyond his own; and her face was filled with beauty by the large, expressive eyes."—"Life and Letters of Robert Browning," by Mrs. Sutherland Orr.

Collection of Augustin Rischgitz.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MARNA TRENT, "WIFE."*

DEAR MARNA,—Many men will laugh at you, some will sneer at you, most will misunderstand you. Many women will call you morbid, neurotic, silly, romantic, but no matter what names they call you, they will understand you. They will join in their husband's ridicule of your anatomy of misery, they will revile you and your dog and your baby, and your strong, stern, saintly doctor. But they will do it in self-defence. For, the truth is, Marna, you have let out too much. You have broken the oath of secrecy which is administered to every woman before she comes into the world—administered by that eternal mystery of motherhood. That oath has bound the women of all ages, all conditions,

*"The Confessions of a Wife." By Mary Adams. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

and all races into one vast timeless league of silence. You are a traitress. You have taken your heart out of your body and put it into your ink-pot. Well, you are not the first. Others have done the same deed, some falteringly, some crudely, some brutally, some cynically, some tearfully, but it is, nevertheless, a crime, a violation, a sacrilege, a blasphemy. Men delight in these treasons of womanhood. They rejoice in these dim phantoms of revelation. For the drama that womanhood plays in the darkness and the silence of her soul is a drama hidden from men. They hang about the corridors, hearing a stray word, a tinkling bell, a crash of chords, a wisp of song, a muffled shriek, but the tragedy, or the comedy, or the farce that is being played they never see. For the players are the dim ghosts of emotion, thin yearnings, faint needs, feeble hopes, and pale despairs. You and your fellow-traitresses tell men what they can never discover for themselves. Is it wise? Well, perhaps it does not matter, for men are careless, and they forget as easily as women remember.

From photo by ROBERT BROWNING ABOUT 1865. [*Frederick Hollyer.*
From the portrait by G. F. Watts, R.A.

"This portrait presents Browning in a reflecting mood, not as if he were in the act of conversation with anyone, but still with a certain potential look, as if he might at any moment launch an observation, or turn a thought into a written couplet, and as if whatever he did would be done suddenly and on impulse; a true point of character truthfully realised."—W. M. Rossetti, in the *Magazine of Art.*

Then you are not able to refine the gold you have dug out of your heart. You fling it abroad mixed with baser metals, and men do not know whether it is real gold or only a very clever counterfeit. The scepticism of men is the security of women. If men believed in the revelations of womanhood, they would go mad. For they would realise that nature, that mocking ironist, has made it almost impossible to compass an ideal marriage of souls. The sport of soul-fighting is the chief pleasure of the gods. They delight in watching the spirit of a man struggling to coalesce with the spirit of a woman. If the coalition took place their recreation would pass away, and man would be, not their fool, but their equal.

You are not an artist, Marna. You are only a woman. It was noble on your part to dower your husband with a physical frailty. But morphia is only a subterfuge. You could not keep up your treason. You flinched at last. Shall I tell you what is the end of marriages such as yours? It is the end of no end. The people round you would say that you are a happy pair, devoted, adoring and adored. You and Dana would foster the pleasant lie. You would maintain the ritual of love. Nobody would surprise your empty shrine. You would not speak of the secret to your husband, and he would not speak of it to you. You would be good friends, comrades, allies. Oh, there would be no exterior divergence, no outer sign of the inner separation. But you and he would find life growing greyer and greyer and greyer until it melted into the tender greyness of good grey death.

Perhaps now and then you or he would try to battle with the greyness. Perhaps some chance word or look or thought, some sudden wistfulness, would startle you out of your guarded resignation. Then, if you were foolish, you would both take doom by the throat and wrestle as Jacob wrestled with the angel. But not long. Doom always conquers. Love never. Ah yes, there may be broken gleams of the old radiance, but not the full sunlight. For you may cure a man of the love of morphia, but you may not cure him of the morphia of love.

Why is love the only art which has defied humanity? Other mysteries we have unravelled, other riddles we have read. But this riddle of riddles, this mystery of mysteries, never! The generations pass. Each young soul meets the Sphinx, hears the enigma, searches for the answer, and dies searching for it. But the Sphinx remains inscrutable, set firm in the desert sands of time, and asks, and asks, and asks, but no one answers. For those who have tried and failed, Marna, you have no message. They know all you know. But for those who are about to try, or who are still trying, your message is cruel. It deceives, illudes, betrays. Is it not better to let them alone? How cruel is the cruelty that prolongs the period of resistance!

But, perhaps, I overestimate the power of your intermittent indiscretions. If so, it is well. And the folly of the

heart is so strong that it can weave its own misery out of its own egoism. Each new life thinks it can do what none of the old lives have done. That is the tragedy, or the comedy, or the farce, of humanity. I might have speared you with a jest, Marna, for you are very bathetic as well as very pathetic. But you are only a speck in the inferno of marriage, a dot in the hell of love, and I let you vanish like the rest. But be silent now. It is better to let woman analyse her little agonies in private. If every woman writes her anguish out, the world will become a nightmare. The sorrow that we see is barely tolerable. If the unseen sorrow is to have its apocalypse, we shall be driven to call on the rocks to cover us and hide us from the face of the tragedy, or the comedy, or the farce, that is—ourselves.

Your grieved but faithful friend,

JADI.

New Books.

MR. KIPLING'S "JUST SO STORIES."*

Mr. Rudyard Kipling is a most extraordinary and bewildering genius. Some of us have recently had reason to protest against certain phases of his later development, and we protested because they were pert and cockney and cruel, and full of that precocious old age which is the worst thing in this difficult cosmos, a thing which combines the brutality of youth with the disillusionment of antiquity, which is old age without its charity and youth without its hope. This rapidly aging, rapidly cheapening force of modernity is everywhere and in all things, a veritable spiritual evil: it looks out of the starved faces of a million gutter-boys, and its name is Ortheris. And just as we are in the afterglow of a certain indignation against this stale, bitter modernity which had begun to appear in Mr. Kipling's work, we come upon this superb thing, the "Just-So Stories"; a great chronicle of primal fables, which might have been told by Adam to Cain, before murder (that artistic and decadent pastime) was known in the world.

For the character of the "Just-So Stories" is really unique. They are not fairy tales; they are legends. A fairy tale is a tale told in a morbid age to the only remaining sane person, a child. A legend is a fairy tale told to men when men were sane. We grant a child a fairy tale, just as some savage

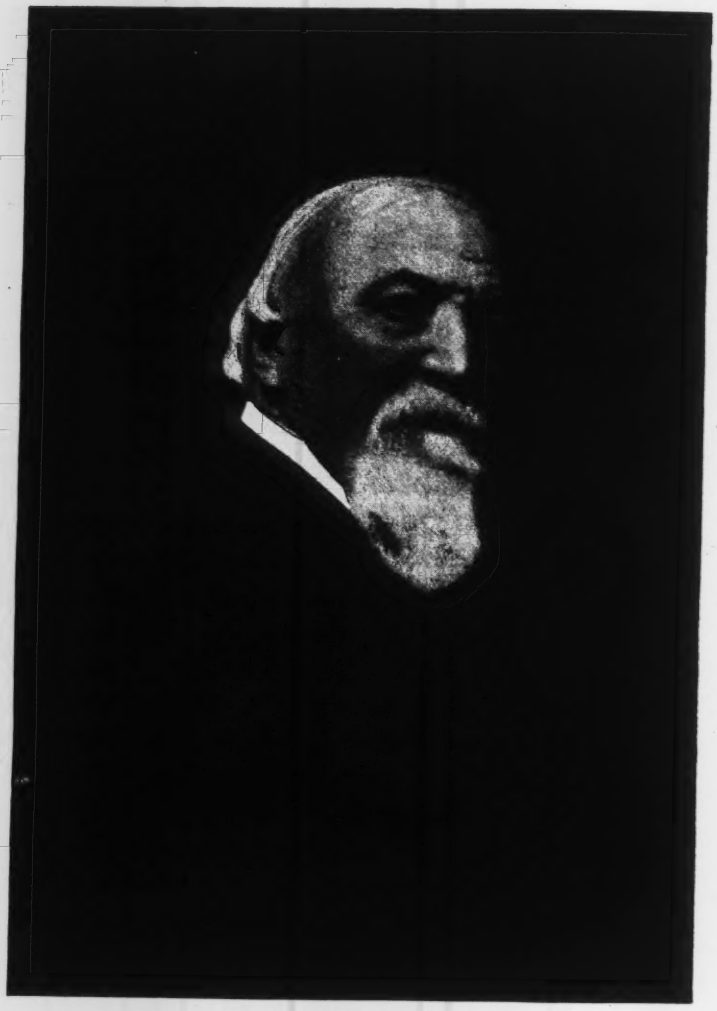
*"Just So Stories." By Rudyard Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan.)

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

From a painting by Arthur A. Dixon.

"'For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings.'"

(Reproduced by kind permission of the Artist.)



ROBERT BROWNING.
From a hitherto unpublished photograph by W. H. Grove.

king might grant a missionary permission to wear clothes, not understanding what we give, not knowing that it would be infinitely valuable if we kept it to ourselves, but simply because we are too kind to refuse. The true man will not buy fairy tales because he is kind; he will buy them because he is selfish. If Uncle John who has just bought the "Just-So Stories" for his niece were truly human (which of course Uncle John is not) it is doubtful whether the niece would ever see the book. One of the most lurid and awful marks of human degeneration that the mind can conceive is the fact that it is considered kind to play with children.

But the peculiar splendour, as I say, of these new Kipling stories is the fact that they do not read like fairy tales told to children by the modern fireside, so much as like fairy tales told to men in the morning of the world. They see animals, for instance, as primeval men saw them; not as types and numbers in an elaborate biological scheme of knowledge, but as walking portents, things marked by extravagant and peculiar features. An elephant is a monstrosity with his tail between his eyes; a rhinoceros is a monstrosity with his horn balanced on his nose; a camel, a zebra, a tortoise are fragments of a fantastic dream, to see which is not seeing a scientific species, but like seeing a man with three legs or a bird with three wings, or men as trees walking. The whole opens a very deep question, the question of the relations between the old wonder and the new wonder, between knowledge and science. The hump of a camel is very likely not so much his characteristic from a scientific point of view as the third bone in the joint of his hind leg, but to the eyes of the child and the poet it remains his feature. And it is more important in this sense that it is more direct and certain: there is a relation between the human soul and the hump of a camel, which there is not between the human soul and the bone in his hind leg. The hump still remains and the bone vanishes, if all these physical phenomena are nothing but a grotesque shadow-show, constructed by a paternal deity to amuse an universe of children.

This is the admirable achievement of Kipling, that he has written new legends. We hear in these days of continual worship of old legends, but not of the making of new; which would be the real worship of legends. Just in the same way we hear of the worship of old ceremonies, but never of the making of new ones. If men decided that Mr. Gladstone's hat was to be carried three times round the House of Commons they would have offered the best tribute to the Eleusinian mysteries. That is the tribute which "How the Whale got his Throat" offers to the story of Sigurd and Hercules.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE JEWISH ENCYCLOPEDIA.*

One cannot but wish success to this courageous and important enterprise. The publishers have no small amount of faith who plan and undertake a work which is to consist of twelve bulky volumes, and to be embellished with more than two thousand illustrations. The scheme involves the employment of fully four hundred scholars and specialists, Christian as well as Jewish, and the constant supervision of a large Editorial Board. It is gratifying to find that the work is so full of general interest that its success is secure.

Some surprises await those who use this Encyclopedia. In the first place it includes a large number of subjects which have not ordinarily been associated with Judaism: Aquinas, Augustine, Athanasius, and other Christian writers. These authors are considered only in so far as they may seem to buttress or to assail Jewish positions. Again, a great many articles are devoted to countries and towns, Australia, Austria, the Balearic Isles, Bath, Bedford, and so forth. Wherever Jews have found a settlement—and where have they not?—thither the attention of the editors has been directed. Of names strictly Jewish too many have been introduced. Surely some of the twenty-six Baruchs whose names are here embalmed, might have been allowed to remain in obscurity and oblivion. And was it worth while to give a full account of the victories and defeats of three Jewish prize-fighters? With all deference to the wisdom of the editors, the space at their disposal might apparently have been more judiciously used.

But there is a wealth of material in the volume, and those who consult these pages in order to acquire information on Jewish matters will not be disappointed. Much light also is thrown on Christian institutions by the full treatment given to such subjects as Atonement and Baptism. Biblical subjects are sometimes more satisfactorily treated than in our best Bible Dictionaries. Others are slight enough: although if we interpret aright the two sets of initials with which the articles are subscribed, it would seem that at least one of the editors makes himself responsible for what is adduced by the writer of each article. Most instructive of all are the articles on extra-biblical subjects. To mention but one or two of these—we have one on the Apocrypha by Prof. Moore; a very interesting notice of Asmodeus by Dr. Ginzberg; on Bar-Kokba by Dr. Krauss of Budapest, who also writes on Ass-worship; on Apostates, by Drs. Kohler and Gottheil; and good articles on Avicenna, Averroes, Astruc, Auto-da-Fe, Aquila, Ark of the Law, Baruch. Much in-

* "The Jewish Encyclopedia: A Descriptive Record of the History, Religion, Literature, and Customs of the Jewish People from the Earliest Times to the Present Day." Vol. II. Apocrypha-Benash. (Funk and Wagnalls Company.)

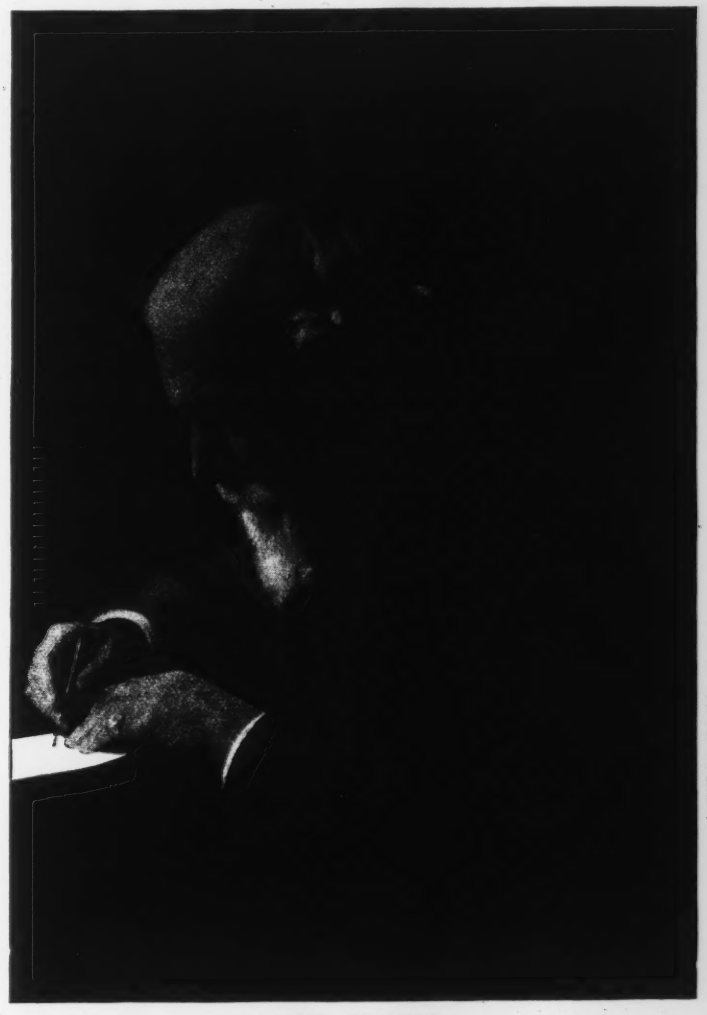
teresting information may be picked up from casual allusions. Thus we learn that the first three books of Aquinas' *Summa* were translated into Hebrew in 1657; that Dr. Baruch was the first to suggest operating for Appendicitis; that Jewish residence was restricted by the fact that only in certain towns was an Archa or Register of Jewish wills, contracts, and sales allowed to be kept; that Johannan ben Nappaha "was so deeply impressed with his own beauty that he used to sit for hours by the portals of the bathing-establishments in order to impress the women with his appearance, and thus influence the looks of their expected offspring." In short, there is various entertainment as well as all kinds of information provided here for the reader. And this Encyclopedia will certainly not only furnish the public with an admirable dictionary of Jewish biography and history, but will bring this marvellous people more impressively before the mind, and publish the esoteric lore which they have during these past millenniums been accumulating. The illustrations are good and novel. One of the most instructive is that which represents the badges which the mediæval Jews were compelled to wear.

PRINCIPAL FAIRBAIRN'S "PHILOSOPHY OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION."*

What the "Analogy" was to the contemporaries of Bishop Butler, Dr. Fairbairn's "Philosophy of the Christian Religion" is fitted to be to our own age. It gives us the conclusions to which the reading and thinking of a lifetime of intense and well-directed study have brought a mind trained in the philosophical, historical, and critical methods and ideas most characteristic of this modern period. It is not the work of a mere apologist, or traditionalist, or scholastic, but of one who is in search of truth, and is able to use for its discovery the most efficient scientific instruments. But neither is this remarkable book the work of a dry-as-dust scientist who sees nothing but the wing of a beetle or the action of an acid; there is the width of view proper to one who is conscious of the universally comprehensive range of his subject, and the wealth of suggestiveness and glow of living interest which reveal a mind inspired with the consciousness that the central truth has been ascertained.

Principal Fairbairn from the outset inspires the reader with confidence, because at once he pierces to the real heart of Christianity, and declares his purpose "to discuss the question as to the Person of Christ, what He was, and how He ought to be conceived, not simply as a chapter in Biblical or in systematic theology, but as a problem directly raised by the place He holds and the functions He has fulfilled in the life of man, collective and individual." The secret of such a personality is not explained when His life is told by historical science and literary art, but only when such a coherent conception of Him is reached as shall show Him in organic relation to the whole system of things. It becomes, therefore, the author's aim to show that "the conception of Christ stands related to history as the idea of God is related to nature, *i.e.*, each is in its own sphere the factor of order or the constitutive condition of a rational system." To achieve this aim he must face those questions raised by the philosophy of nature and of mind which affect belief in the supernatural person who stands at the origin of the Christian religion. These questions Principal Fairbairn attacks *con amore*, and furnishes us with an interpretation of nature and of man which shows that so far from being incompatible with nature, the supernatural is involved in it as its necessary complement. This is brought out in a very fresh and interesting discussion of Darwinism, which strikingly exhibits what assumptions that theory makes, and how inadequate structural resemblances and differences are to account for the vast divergence of man and ape in history. Considerable space is given to the discussion of the problem of evil, physical and moral; and if to some readers the problem may seem as insoluble as ever, it will not be denied that the history of its attempted solution is eminently lucid and instructive, and that the question with which the discussion is closed carries in it what is at any rate essential to all adequate thinking on this theme: "How can we conceive the justice and the goodness of God in relation to evil if His continued and final action towards it be excluded from consideration?" From the abstract Dr. Fairbairn then passes to the concrete, and considers man in history and in religion, and here he is on ground where first he won his reputation.

Having thus passed in review the sphere and the material in which Christ is to work, he proceeds in the second half of the book to show what it was in Him which enabled Him to attain the influence and achieve the task He has accomplished. This will approve itself to many readers as the most valuable part of his book. Considering Christ and His work first as presented in the gospels, and then as interpreted by the Apostles, he has much that is both fresh and instructive to say of the relation of Christ's person to the religion He founded. Precisely how far his argument carries him, we are not prepared to say; and that each step in it is sound some will dispute; but that sound principles and a bright illuminating insight are carried all along the line, disclosing what is often or always overlooked, and setting in due relation and perspective the facts that bear on his subject, no reader will deny. Especially valuable, in view of



ROBERT BROWNING.
From a hitherto unpublished photograph by W. H. Grove.

* "The Philosophy of the Christian Religion." By A. M. Fairbairn, D.D., LL.D. 12s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

ROBERT BROWNING.
From a photograph by Mrs. F. W. H. Myers.

much that is nowadays in vogue, is his treatment of the teaching of Christ, and his correlation of the Teacher and the Sovereign Personality. "If anything is certain, it is this:—the teaching of Jesus, however its qualities may be described or appraised, can never by itself explain the power of Christ, the reign, the diffusion, the continuance, and the achievements of the Christian religion" (p. 304). "What made the religion was the significance His person had for thought, the way in which it lived to faith, the mode in which it interpreted to reason God and the universe, man and history" (p. 478). But we might go on quoting page after page and yet convey but an inadequate impression of the wealth of thought regarding the origin and the reasonableness of our religion which this book furnishes. It is satisfactory to believe that it will speak for itself, and find its way into the hands of all who are really interested in Christianity.

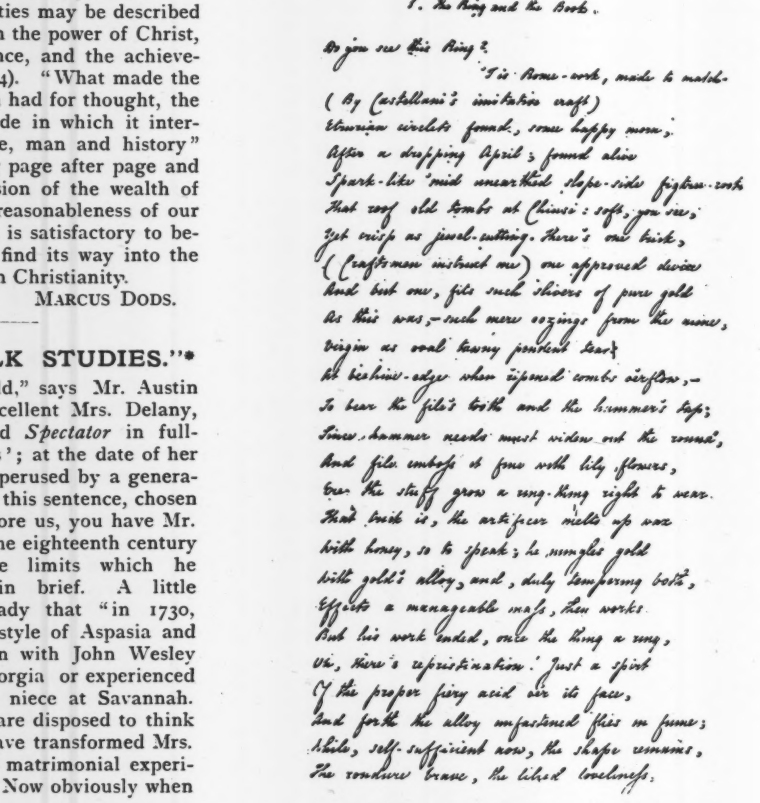
MARCUS DODS.

MR. DOBSON'S "SIDEWALK STUDIES."*

"When Mary Granville was a child," says Mr. Austin Dobson in his kit-cat study of the excellent Mrs. Delany, "people were reading the *Tatler* and *Spectator* in full-bottomed periwigs and elaborate 'heads'; at the date of her death the great *Times* itself was being perused by a generation with frizzed hair and pigtails." In this sentence, chosen almost at random from the volume before us, you have Mr. Dobson's method, his attitude towards the eighteenth century which he knows so well, and the limits which he imposes on himself—all indicated in brief. A little further on we read of the same lady that "in 1730, she and her sister Anne, under the style of Aspasia and Selina, carried on a religious flirtation with John Wesley (Cyrus), who had not yet started for Georgia or experienced the fascinations of the store-keeper's niece at Savannah. Some of Wesley's biographers, indeed, are disposed to think that it would not have taken much to have transformed Mrs. Pendarves into Mrs. Wesley. But her matrimonial experiences had not been encouraging," etc. Now obviously when we say that Mr. Dobson revives the eighteenth century for us, we mean that he revives one aspect of it, and a very different one from that to which Mr. Lecky (for instance) invites attention; just as Mr. Lecky neglects, as no business of his, that transient, absurd, yet perfectly historical aspect of Wesley here in a glimpse revealed by Mr. Dobson. The truth is that in his prose as in his verse Mr. Dobson practises the difficult art of walking well within his own limits. He knows, perhaps better than any living man of letters, his own measure; and his resolute obedience to it gives not only appropriateness but a singular air of *justness* to all his writing. He has found his strength, and sets up his rest on that. He does not attempt to philosophise his period; but he knows (though his modesty might deprecate the claim) that he is an almost unrivalled performer upon the optic nerve, and by consequence his book is a moving phantasmagoria of the times he has studied. Great men and little, persons of importance in their day and persons of disrepute—the "town" in short—traverse his page as though it were a street, and Mr. Dobson from his "side-walk" cons and notes for you their habiliments and features, the colour of their eyes, and whether they lounge or strut. We browse over his pages as he over the copper-plates of that mountainous Dutch folio which (in his last essay) he closes so reluctantly, exclaiming, "What a picture-book!" Turn, for example, to his own description of St. James's Park.

> "It is not the undulating and umbrageous landscape-garden of the Victorian era, with its elaborate boskage and symmetric flower-knots, but the plainer and less pretentious pleasure-ground which presented itself to the eyes of Queen Anne and the Georges—the place where Swift walked to get thin and Prior walked to get fat; where Captain Booth met Colonel James, and Goldsmith gallanted his 'Cousin Hannah'; where the beautiful Gunnings were mobbed; where Samuel Johnson loitered on his way to the library at Buckingham House, and Samuel Richardson perambulated the Mall in search of the mysterious 'Mrs. Belfour'"—

—and so on. As the figures crowd and pass, you forget that their originals are dead long ago, and blended with common earth. You think of them as figures, and ask no



A PORTION OF BROWNING'S MANUSCRIPT.
(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.)

* "Side-walk Studies." By Austin Dobson. 6s. (Chatto and Windus.)

more of them. You watch their scandals innocently, time removing you from all malice or self-interest. "What a picture-book!" you say as you close the volume.

The chapter on "The Covent Garden Journal" was worth writing, as everything must be which tells us something new of Henry Fielding. The story does that great man no real discredit, but reminds us of the bear and the wasps' nest. The wasps in this instance were extraordinarily vicious and venomous: but the bear seems to have been needlessly aggressive, and had not even hunger for an excuse. We are glad at the end of "The Story of the *Spectator*" to meet again with Mr. Dobson's fine encomium of Richard Steele. "But for words which the heart finds when the head is seeking; for phrases glowing with the white heat of a generous emotion; for sentences which throb and tingle with manly pity or courageous indignation—we must turn to the essays of Steele." This will bear reprinting many times. It is classical praise.

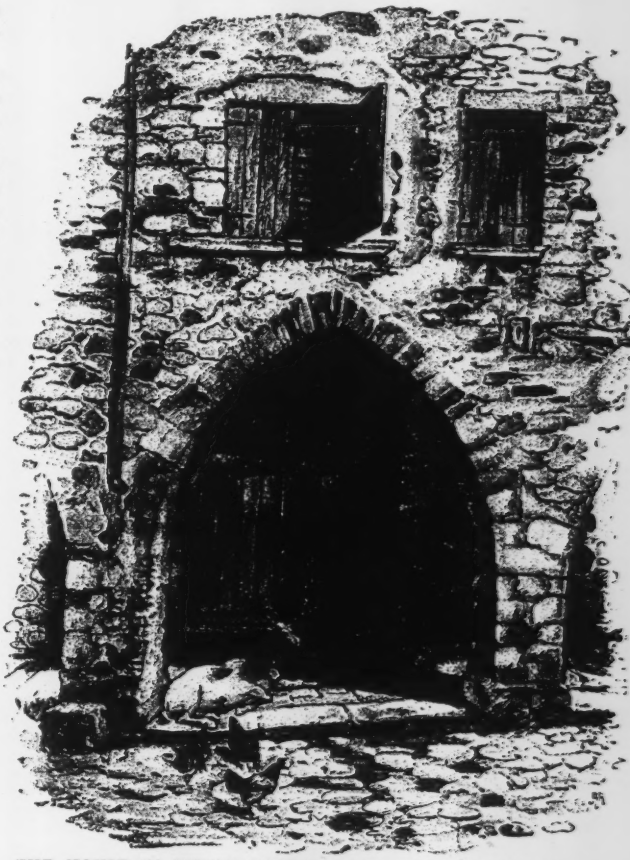
A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.

CASANOVA.*

There is something one cannot quite understand in this translation of a "famous-infamous" biography. It is anonymous, idiomatic, and even brilliant. I know few translations as good, and none better. Yet we come upon strange slips. The writer does not seem to be aware that Italian words have never an acute accent; he records Venetian titles in French; the single line of Dante which he quotes is horridly mangled; and he sometimes gives us "La Haye" instead of "The Hague." In one volume we find "Agrada," in another "Agreda." All this perplexes and irritates the reader who demands that a book shall be turned out as sound literature, not scamped or left unfinished in detail as what is called a publisher's speculation. I am far from convinced that this particular story was wanted in an English garb, for no perseverance in scrubbing will make a blackamoor white, and to dress him *à l'anglaise* will only add to his darkness. But who is the translator? Granting his point of view, the introduction is very well done.

"A new and abridged edition" signifies that Jacques Casanova de Seingalt, "the prince of adventurers," has been expurgated to suit Mr. Mudie's idea of decorum. He smuggles through the British custom-house a good deal, but not the whole, of that total depravity which in him was second nature. Carlyle has somewhere uttered anathema on mention of Casanova's "infected memoirs;" and, except to historical students, the French of them is unreadable. Our Solomon, the Encyclopædia Britannica, declares that they have been rated much above their merits. A small coterie, decadent or simply curious, were not long ago loud in their praise. But they cannot lay claim to the intense though morbid genius of Rousseau's "Confessions," which in movement they resemble; their passion is put on, their philosophy pretence, and their action, especially in the second volume, monotonous. Rousseau being a diseased monomaniac, is never to be trusted; Casanova was a feuilletonist on principle. His making up is deliberate, rapid, and superb. Absolutely corrupt, living by his five wits on fools and fribbles of both sexes, he writes his general confession for the public of Cosmopolis, without reticence or remorse. There was a time when no English house would have printed even an "abridged" edition of Casanova. The world changes; "la pudique Albion" will soon have ceased to blush at her neighbour's audacities across the Channel;

* "The Memoirs of Jacques Casanova de Seingalt." New and abridged edition. 2 Vols. 32s. net. (Chapman and Hall.)



THE HOUSE IN WHICH ROBERT BROWNING LIVED AT ASOLO.

"How many a year, my Asolo,
Since—one step just from sea to land—
I found you, loved yet feared you so—
For natural objects seemed to stand
Palpably fire-clothed!—No!—

No mastery of mine o'er these!
Terror with beauty, like the Bush,
Burning but unconsumed. Bend knees,
Drop eyes to earthward! Language? Tush!
Silence! 'Tis awe decrees."—Prologue to "Asolando."

(Reproduced from the *Art Journal*, by kind permission of Messrs. H. Virtue and Co., Ltd.)

VIEW FROM BROWNING'S WINDOW.

The poet much enjoyed the view from the windows of his house at 19, Warwick Crescent, Paddington, which suggested to him memories of his loved Venice.

and, as the ballad sings, "Hurrah, the dead ride rapidly!" To what goal they ride we will not enquire just now.

A man of delicate apprehension once reading "Vanity Fair" dropped it after fifty pages; he said that the company was not fit for a gentleman. We owe to Thackeray so much wit and wisdom that I hesitate to subscribe this judgment. But whoever opens Casanova will see where Barry Lyndon and Becky Sharp received their education. Style, tone, colour, incident, have passed from the Venetian to the Cornish giant, with vivacity not lessened, with a stage-grouping as crowded, with a list of characters alike if not sometimes identical. Thackeray is sad. Casanova sanguine; they both preach little sermons, and in the end may be summed up by Leopardi, with his "infinita vanità di tutto." Add a deep layer of cynical vice, not hinted but displayed, to the Continental scenes in Thackeray, and the difference will almost vanish between these chronicles of Bohemia. Then run your eye over Voltaire's Correspondence in twenty volumes, you will be amazed at the family-likeness; and when you are told that genius must be original, that is to say, must invent its own materials, you will also realise that literature is an affair of tradition, *alias* successful stealing out of the right pockets. Had Casanova bequeathed no memoirs to posterity, should we have been treated to "Vanity Fair"? There is a problem for a prize essay. Yet nowhere in the English author do we come upon an adventure so thrillingly told as the escape from the Piombi at Venice, which has for ever associated this unseemly card-sharper with the Palace of the Doges.

To recommend unverifiable stories of cardinals, nuns, friars, handled with all the freedom of Boccaccio, will hardly be expected of the present reviewer. As a document which is true in manners, however false in narration, the book cannot be disregarded when we are studying the eighteenth century. It was an age of impostors, chief among them Cagliostro from Sicilian Palermo, and this Venetian Spaniard, who greatly excelled the younger charlatan in accomplishments, not to speak of mental culture. Both were partners in ruining the eccentric Madame d'Urfé (otherwise Durfey), whose insane visions and boundless credulity furnish a parallel of the most extraordinary kind to the episode of the Diamond Necklace. Casanova lived at one time in Pall Mall; his picture of London is not edifying, but he saw what he could see, and judged after his peculiar lights. On the whole, reflecting persons will find these memoirs a melancholy book, the death's head and cross-bones legibly illustrating its Pompadour-like vignettes of the Parc aux Cerfs. Let it be hoisted speedily to the top shelf and hide its ignominy under the dust which gathers upon this class of literature when the curious have ceased to meddle with it.

WILLIAM BARRY.

THE WHITE WOLF.*

It is generally admitted by all concerned—by authors, that is, their publishers, editors, critics, and after a negative if convincing fashion by the reading public—that the state of the short story in England is parlous. It abounds, but does not flourish; we have it, yet have it not: so that, as it happens, any lover of the contemporary real thing must perforce look to France for satisfaction, or, in regard to the judgment of Mr. Watts-Dunton and the somewhat forceful claims of Mr. Howells and his school, turn eyes across the Atlantic. Certain it is, at all events, that here in England satisfaction will come seldom to him; whether he searches the pages of periodicals or turns over the volumes of collected stories that publishers in weak moments do occasionally venture. And more and more as the seasons go by—seasons ruined by the war, by the prolongation of it, by the end of it, by the coronation and all its vagaries, by the weather and all its humours—more and more does the state of the British short story grow worse. Fewer authors attempt its worthy accomplishment, fewer guineas reward its doing, fewer editors compete for its favours, fewer publishers hunger after its services, fewer readers give it their interest. You may reckon on the fingers of one—yes, one—hand all the real short stories that are published yearly in England, can run off in a breath all the names of those who nowadays attempt the story seriously as a thing of life and art, can in half a breath name those who attempt it with even a measure of success; whilst of those who find it worth while (and are worth while) to collect and publish, perhaps one volume in the year is good enough to keep.

Is "Q" in that list of names? Is he among the few British authors to whom we look for perhaps one real short story in the year? Of the seven volumes of collected stories that he has now published, how many have we found worth keeping, and how often has one or other of them been of its kind the volume of the year? Serious questions these, and difficult too: yet who of those that have the interests, and record, and future, of the British short story at heart, that know true work when they find it, and have the grace to acknowledge it; who of these has not his answers ready?

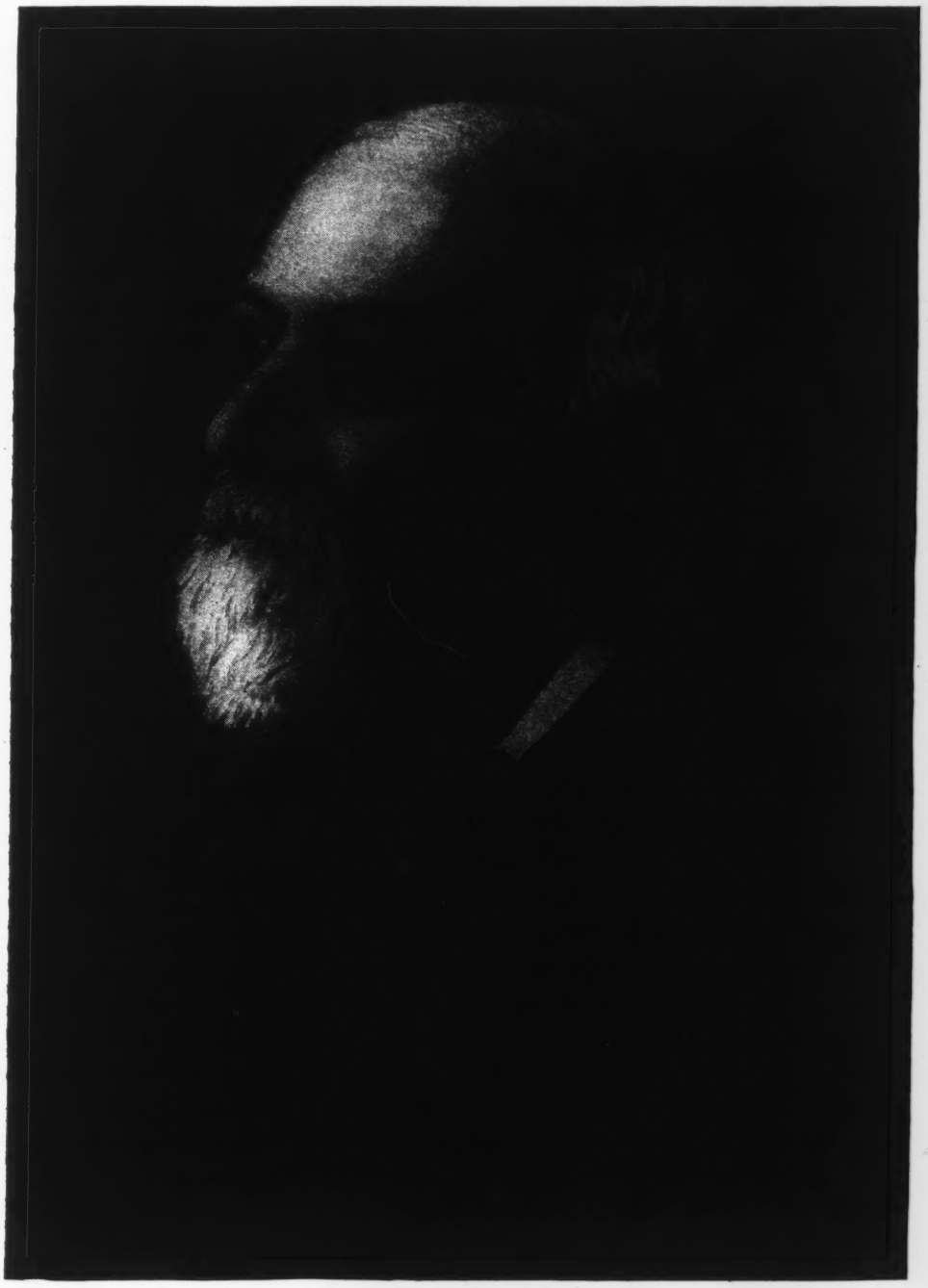
"The White Wolf," which is volume seven of his collected stories, will sustain "Q's" reputation, even if it will do little to increase it. It is written throughout with his old finish of style and manner; the flow of narrative is smooth and brilliant as ever; often, if not so often as of old, one is lured by the vivid phrase and pregnant sentence to dreams and reveries; there is in the book as much variety of scene and character, incident, invention, as much excellent stuff excellently wrought, as might make the fortune of an author less prodigal than is "Q" of his gifts, less inclined to scatter them abroad, less restrained and scrupulous in his methods. It is still matter for wonder how cunningly he divines; how vividly, for instance, he gets the details of a South-sea island and the archaic background of old Saga times, how accurately he comes by what ordinary folk say and think in their ordinary lives, how swiftly he gets to the heart of boys and little children. It is intuition, one supposes, that works these wonders, the gift of sympathetic imagination; just as it is perception, the power to see much and accurately in a flash, that gives him the root-notions, the ideas, of his tales. For at heart of "Q's" stories, the best of them at all events, is always an idea. Something beats in them, something that was and is their life. His stories come, are not made. They lie brooding, those ideas, conceptions, inspirations; lie soaking, shaping, maturing; then one happy day are given forth. How else, think you, could his stories of the sea—so full of knowledge, perception, magic—have come to such real life; how else those brilliant studies of his own Cornish folk, those beautiful vignettes of children, those kindly portraits of the wastrels and blackguards, smugglers, poachers, whose doings give humdrum existence some colour of life? Even the worst of the stories in "The White Wolf"—and two or three are the worst that "Q" has written—have something inside them worth the finding, if only a phrase, only a touch of humour and pathos. And if in the book is no story so good as the best in "Noughts and Crosses" (that excellent book), nothing approaching the half-dozen masterpieces of "The Delectable Duchy" (that most excellent book), nothing within sight of "I Saw Three Ships," and nothing so magical in style and conception, so full of the glamour and mystery of the unseen, as the pick of "Old Fires and Profitable Ghosts"; well, that is far from saying that "The White Wolf" is not itself the collection of the year. You cannot match the matchless, cannot approach the unapproachable. And "Q" at his best, as you see him often in "The Delectable Duchy," is just matchless among present-day Englishmen—has set a standard, indeed, to which he himself clearly finds it not always easy to attain.

It is possible, of course, that "Q," like another, is simply fulfilling his destiny, evolving upwards towards a higher artistic self. "Old Fires and Profitable Ghosts" did undoubtedly mark a distinct upward (or outward) step; "The Ship of Stars" also, in its earlier inimitable chapters, marked development; and it may be that "The White Wolf" also contains evidence of progress. Certainly it is quite in another world from, say, "Noughts and Crosses"; is more matured, shall we say, less imitative of Stevenson or another: but the question is—and it is vital in the case of an author such as "Q"—does this collection of stories give hope that presently he will do that great thing in fiction for which many of us are waiting eagerly?

In itself, as has been already hinted, the book is good enough; miscellaneous somewhat and scrappy, still good enough. Some half-dozen of the stories are fine, and could have been written by no man in England save "Q" only; two, those beautiful little sketches called "England" and "Two Boys," are worthy of a place in "The Delectable Duchy";

* "The White Wolf." By "Q." 6s. (Methuen and Co.)

two or three others that shall be nameless here are good in patches, like—no, not like the curate's egg; one is a good echo of "The Ship of Stars," another is excellent enough in itself to be worth a less exasperating end, two more must have been told to lucky children by the nursery fire: but the question asks, whether the book is not only good enough but is good enough for "Q," and whether it gives hope of that



ROBERT BROWNING, '1888.

From a photograph by Cameron.

"The set of the head, thrown slightly backwards, with the eyes steadily fixed, is characteristic."—W. M. Rossetti, in the *Magazine of Art.*

(Reproduced by permission of Mr. J. Caswall Smith.)

supreme achievement towards which we would constantly urge him?

Let his admirers read for themselves and answer; and always, whatever their judgment, let them, in every way possible, give "Q" that gentle urging towards his great day—the day which, for his sake and ours, can come none too soon.

SHAN F. BULLOCK.

THE RIVER.*

Into this story of Devonshire simple life Mr. Phillpotts has put so rich a store of worthy thought, born of sincerity and bred in quietness, so much patient observation of the things that remain of comfort and beauty, such care and skill of workmanship, that a critic, if he has to note any shortcomings, had better do so at once, and have done with them. They need not take up space that were better employed in hearty appreciation. Here, then, for our one accusation. He has ended his book so full of courage and natural sanity in a way to shock probabilities. Is it because he fell into a moralising mood, or because he felt he was obeying the conventionalities, or because he thought chivalry demanded that so good a girl

* "The River." By Eden Phillpotts. 6s. (Methuen.)

as Mary should have one husband rather than that the doubtfully good Hannah should have two? His error springs, we think, from the same cause that has made his women the weak portion of his book. He regards their characters and careers sympathetically, striving to understand and illuminate—but he fumbles, and neither Hannah nor Mary are very coherent. But the weakness of the women matters much less than might be supposed in a book which is to a considerable extent a love-story. There is quite enough to make a strong book out of in Nicholas Edgecombe and the moor—the two principal *dramatis personæ*. Doubtless, Mr. Phillpotts has been told he has sat at Mr. Hardy's feet. Well, Mr. Hardy is an excellent model; and if "The River" were merely an imitative thing it would be no small achievement to have reproduced in so masterly a way the elder novelist's greatest feature—his revelation of the union of man and nature in the dramas of life. But though Mr. Phillpotts has been to a good school it has not blunted his individuality. Call his Dartmoor rustics Hardiesque, and find their originals in Wessex if you will. There remains Nicholas, born and bred in his own brain; there remains the wild Devonshire country, looked at through no other man's eyes, but lived in night and day, and loved in storm and shine. We can think of no other rustic of Nicholas's breed conceived so sanely, so truthfully. By force of circumstances a solitary, he is by good fortune made of the stuff Nature does not brutalise, but refines and elevates, while keeping simple and rough. In other circumstances, and with other training, he would have been a poet, a coherent thinker. Every sentimentalist would have made him so despite his rude breeding. Not so Mr. Phillpotts, who shows him in all his limitations, lets him adorn his little hut with cheap prints, and know not a line of verse, who for all poetry gives him the New Testament. And how can we refrain from quoting the memorable passage which shows the more materialistic side of this moor man's imaginative religion?

"He figured the Lord as tempted of Satan on Longaford Tor, imagined the fiend as sweeping away in a purple cloud shadow, fancied that the Saviour's robe without seam was shining afar off, when the sunlight touched some distant, upstanding menhir into likeness of a man. Amid such hills as these, where the desert spread, all scattered with great stones and lighted by desolate waters, Christ had prayed, fasted, suffered; under such ancient trees as existed here his Master's sweat had rained in blood; beside such a river the voice of the Father had once echoed like remote thunder, and the shining Spirit had fallen in shape of a dove, even as the blue pigeon still flashed oftentimes from the wood. . . . Edgecombe often conceived of Christ as physically weary, and when he drank of the little icy springs, where they bubbled from sphagnum beds upon the hills, he doubted not but that Jesus had similarly quenched thirst. He enjoyed also to partake of such meat and drink as was specially named among the simple portions of the Lord; therefore honey and fish and bread were agreeable to him, although he held them less useful than meat to repair his own great body. He likewise much desired some day that he might taste wine, because it had passed the Saviour's palate."

But Nicholas is no recluse by choice. His contact with men down at the Ring o' Bells, or facing Oldreive's enmity, is simple, natural, and manly. If he is the pick of Dartmoor rustics, and if he has been described by a poet, there is the brand of reality on him as clearly as on any lout. There is the brand of reality on the whole book. The writer must first have lived it, in all its essentials, before he could have passed on such vivid pictures to us.

A. MACDONELL.

ROBERT BROWNING, 1879.
From the painting by Rudolph Lehmann, in the National Portrait Gallery.

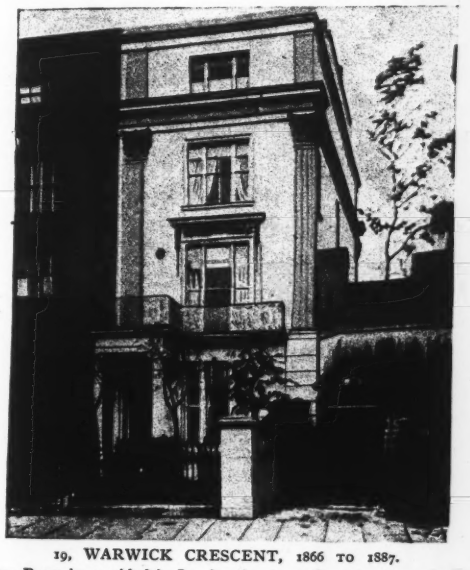
"I think the likeness very true, and the expression of sharp and concentrated resolve quite accurate, but mixed with a certain degree of sternness of which Browning's face was indeed capable, but which it only rarely exhibited. The strong and rather massive line of the jaw, which was one of the many elements of virility in the visage, is well marked. This work has the character of an historical portrait."—W. M. Rossetti, in the *Magazine of Art*.

(Reproduced by kind permission of the Artist.)

THE REIGN OF THE GUILLOTINE.*

Among the multitude of new books about the French revolution, one welcomes "Paris in 1789-1794" as really adding to the knowledge which the average intelligent reader either possesses or may easily acquire. The author's aim has been, not to reproduce a set narrative, but to assemble the facts, separately insignificant, but collectively important, which enable us to picture the life of the French people under the shadow of the guillotine. The same thing has been done before, notably by the brothers Edmond and Jules de Goncourt; but if Mr. Alger has not imitated their artistic methods, he also has not contented himself with their sources of information. One's complaint, if one complains, would be that he has dumped his building material down in little heaps, leaving the actual task of construction in large measure to the reader; but that, after all, is only the usual policy of latter-day historians. The material is good, and much of it is new. Mr. Alger has not merely studied memoirs, and searched the files of contemporary newspapers. He has been to the archives, and brought valuable documents to light. In particular he has unearthed from the papers of the revolutionary tribunal the confidential reports of certain "observers," appointed by the Minister of the Interior to "obtain daily records of public feeling as it existed." Much is to be read there which the newspapers regarded as either too perilous or too trivial to print. "It is surprising," says one report, "to see the number of young

* "Paris in 1789-1794." By J. G. Alger. 10s. 6d. net. (George Allen.)



19, WARWICK CRESCENT, 1866 TO 1887.
Where Browning resided in London for more than twenty years after the death of his wife.
From a photo specially taken for THE BOOKMAN.

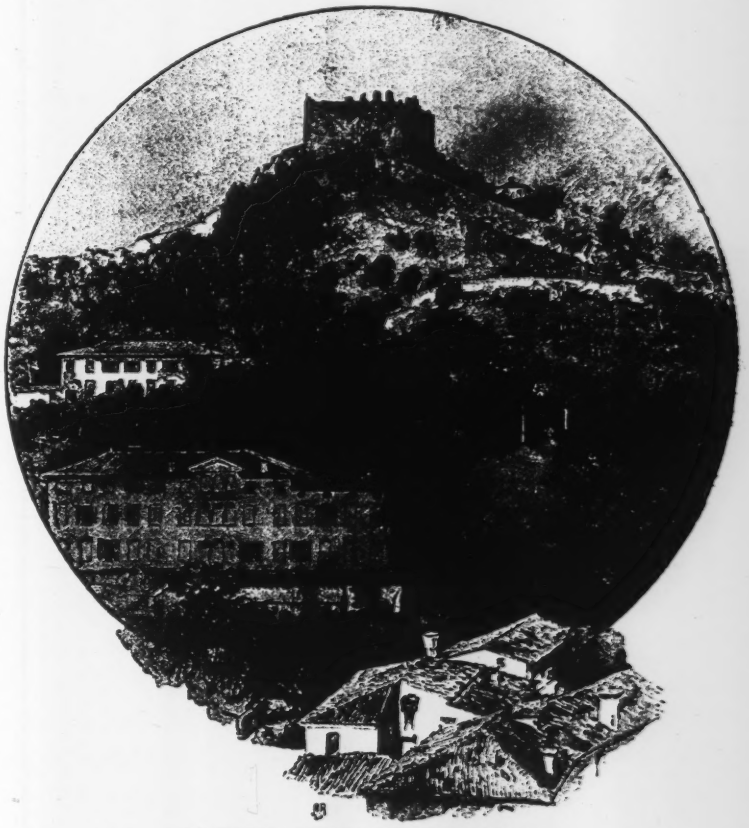
"Poor man, he lived another kind of life
In that new stuccoed third house by the bridge,
Fresh-painted, rather smart than otherwise!
The whole street might o'erlook him as he sat,
Leg crossing leg, one foot on the dog's back."
—"How it Strikes a Contemporary."

29, DE VERE GARDENS, KENSINGTON.
Browning's last home in London, to which he removed from 19, Warwick Crescent, in June, 1887.
From a photo specially taken for THE BOOKMAN.

"Two years before his death he fixed upon De Vere Gardens as a suitable location, and began to furnish his new home with antiquities which for years he had been storing away for that purpose. He put the final touch to the decoration of the rooms just before he left London for the last time."—"Browning, Poet and Man," by E. L. Carey.

men wearing spectacles, to avoid, it is said, the conscription." "A child," says another, "remarked to its mother that formerly school was very monotonous from having to kneel and repeat prayers which children did not comprehend, but now it was lively with singing patriotic hymns. . . . The durability of the Republic is ensured." "The decree of the Commune," declares a third, "forbidding masters, fathers, and mothers to inflict corporal punishment is thought strange. This makes children naughty, and go all lengths in audacity and vice." The dignified costumes of the judges excited unfavourable comment. "Sans-culotte judges," some citizens remarked, "ought to sit only in pantaloons and red caps." And strange rumours circulated. "There is a rumour that Pitt is disgraced, that his head has been carried about in effigy in London, and that things will soon change." And so forth. Mr. Alger exhibits an unique collection of the *faits divers* of the Terror.

Perhaps the most remarkable fact brought into relief by Mr. Alger is that, even at the height of the Terror, the ordinary life of ordinary people went on much as usual. The police records of the day of the execution of Louis XIV. are mainly of quite commonplace incidents: "We hear of a foundling being picked up in the street and sent to an asylum, of a journeyman hair-dresser being drunk and disorderly, and of two women being suffocated by charcoal fumes." Nor was it otherwise on the day of the execution of Robespierre: "We hear of a lost child in the Champs Elysées being discovered by a workman, of a purse being lost, of a scavenger being arrested as drunk and disorderly, and of the seizure of pork unfit for food." Finally, on the 18th of Brumaire, when Bonaparte seized on the government, "we are only told of two chimneys on fire." And the evidence of the advertisement columns of the newspapers is to the same effect: "Domestic servants, even valets, were advertised for, or solicited situations. So also with housekeepers and governesses. Widows of mature age, without incumbrance, advertised for husbands, one requiring help to manage a small farm, another offering to join in labours benefiting the Republic or mankind, or in any other empyoyment satisfying the reason and heart. . . . A collection of Republican songs, quack medicines, drapery goods, restaurant dinners at four



LA ROCCA, ASOLO: PIPPA'S COUNTRY.
"Autumn is beginning to paint the foliage, but thin it as well, and the sea of fertility all round our height, which a month ago showed pomegranates and figs and chestnuts—walnuts and apples all rioting together in full glory—all this is daily disappearing. I say nothing of the olive and the vine. I find the Turret rather the worse for careful weeding, the hawks which used to build there have been 'shot for food,' and the echo is sadly curtailed of its replies."—Letter from Browning, 1889.
(Reproduced from the *Art Journal*, by kind permission of Messrs. H. Virtue and Co., Ltd.)

francs, hair-dyes, a forte-piano (as the new instrument was then styled) were likewise offered. Loans were wanted for starting in business, and a young man coming up from the country required a clerkship."

It is only by such citations that one can convey an idea of the minuteness of Mr. Alger's researches in the social history of the five years which he passes under review; and even so one probably gives only an inadequate idea of it. New facts—or at any rate unfamiliar facts—crop up on every page. The fortunes of the British colony in Paris are studied with especial care; the subsequent careers of prominent revolutionists are traced with diligence; and many intercepted letters by prisoners of the revolution are printed for the first time. There are nearly two hundred boxes of them preserved in the National Archives, so that there was a large field of choice. Mr. Alger has made his selection with judgment and discrimination, and his book will be even more valuable to the student, for whom it is no doubt primarily intended, than interesting to the casual reader.

FRANCIS GRIBBLE.

THE STATUE AND THE BUST.

From a drawing by Philip Connard.

"Mould me on horseback here aloft,
Alive—(the subtle artisan!).

In the very square I cross so oft!
That men may admire, when future suns
Shall touch the eyes to a purpose soft,

While the mouth and the brow are brave in bronze—
Admire and say, 'When he was alive,
How he would take his pleasure once!'"

(Reproduced from "The Statue and the Bust," by kind permission of Mr. John Lane.)

FRA LIPPO LIPPI.

From a drawing by Byam Shaw.

"I am poor brother Lippo, by your leave!
You need not clap your torches to my face.
Zooks, what's to blame? you think you see a monk!

. . . . . .

Aha, you know your betters? Then, you'll take
Your hand away that's fiddling on my throat,
And please to know me likewise."

(Reproduced from "Poems by Robert Browning," by kind permission of Messrs. George Bell and Sons.)

THE HOUSE OF PERCY.*

Mr. Brenan's "History of the House of Percy," though issued in the Historic Families Series, was not originally intended or undertaken for it; and Mr. Lindsay, the general editor of that series, has deemed it necessary to explain that he had not the opportunity of conferring with the author, with many of whose opinions and remarks he cannot altogether agree. The Windsor Herald also takes care to "disclaim responsibility for certain references to the supposed plebeian origin of great statesmen who come within the scope of the narrative." This disclaimer may have been partly prompted by Mr. Brenan's reference to Cecil as a "son of Saxon peasants," and by the accompanying observation that "there is something in noble name and long descent peculiarly irritating to the politician of obscure birth, who has wormed his way into power." There may be differences of opinion as to the value and general trustworthiness of Mr. Brenan's work; but the editor is undoubtedly right in his opinion that it is "well arranged, well written, and of great interest."

Mr. Brenan holds that when William the Conqueror came to England, in 1066, "the Percies were firmly and broadly settled upon Norman soil"; and that William de Perci, Count of Caux and Poictiers, then chief of his name, was not the Percy who first settled in England and planted the name north of the Humber. This honour he ascribes to another William de Percy, nicknamed *Als-gernons*, a scantily portioned scion, he believes, of the elder stock. He thinks there is good cause to doubt whether *Als-gernons* crossed the channel with Duke William, or took any part in the battle of Hastings; and is apparently dubious as to whether he was one of the Normans brought over by Edward the Confessor before the conquest, or one who came over the year after it. He adopted the Saxon fashion of wearing whiskers, showed more than once a strong sympathy with the defeated race, married a Saxon lady, and made for himself a home in the Wilderness of Yorkshire, which had been laid waste by Hugh Lupus, the Conqueror's nephew. Though for twenty years, despite ecclesiastical threat and royal mandate, he maintained his rights against the convent of Whitby, which he had re-founded, he eventually became a crusader, and died within sight of Jerusalem.

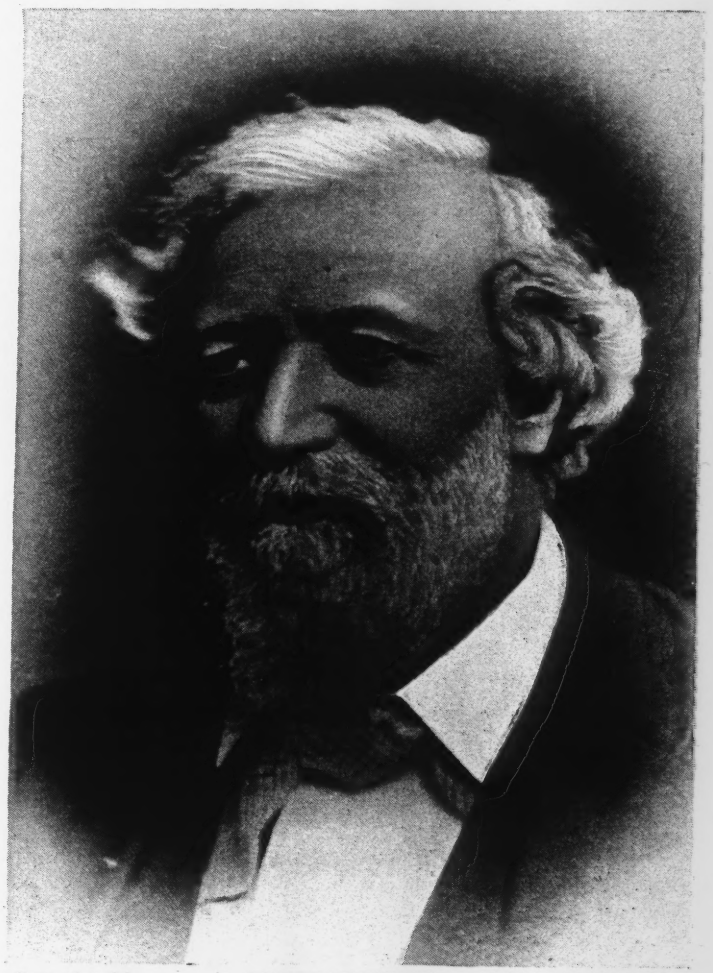
* "A History of the House of Percy, from the Earliest Times down to the Present Century." By Gerald Brenan, edited by W. A. Lindsay, Windsor Herald. 2 Vols. 42s. net. (Freemantle and Co.)

Through the long centuries which have since elapsed, his descendants and representatives have played a prominent part in the north of England and across the border. Of bravery and heroism they have shown no lack; and, in their ups and downs, there have been many romantic episodes as well as touching tragedies.

In going through this work one regrets that the original plan of the book caused Mr. Brenan to give his authorities rather sparingly and too vaguely. This vagueness makes it much more difficult than it would otherwise have been to test his statements. Unfortunately some of the references are misleading as well as vague, for he has not scrupled to add after the date of a letter the words "Original State Papers," when instead of quoting the original he has only been quoting a summary from a printed calendar. Some of his references are positively erroneous. Here is an example. Concerning Constable's attempt to betray the Earl of Westmoreland, he says:—"Constable wrote to Cecil accepting the commission with an unholy glee. 'I am,' he declared, 'prepared to trap them that trust in me, as Judas trapped Christ.'" As his authority he gives, "Haynes' Cecil Papers." There is no such letter from Constable to Cecil in that collection. In the "Sadler State Papers," however, there is a letter from Constable to Sadler, in which there is such an allusion, but instead of displaying unholy glee, it is rather apologetic in tone:—"althoughe this be a trayterous kind of service, that I ame wayded in, to trap them that trust in me, as Judas did Christ; yet," etc. Nor are his dates always immaculate. One would like to know how James the First and Lord Percy together "trod the road of letters at the now venerable, but then newly established, University of St. Andrews," seeing that James was captured by the English several years before that University was founded. The Earl of Northumberland could hardly marry Lady Anne Somerset in 1588, but that date is doubtless a misprint. Malcolm Canmore met his death at Alnwick in 1093 not 1092; and "the utter overthrow of the great English army at Bannockburn" took place on the 24th not the 23rd of June. The latter slip is much more pardonable than that of a Scottish record scholar who recently relegated the crowning mercy of Scotland to the month of August! Of the two dates which have been assigned for the private marriage of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn, the 14th of November, 1532, and the 25th of January, 1533, Mr. Brenan gives the latter. Mr. G. G. Perry has suggested that when Cranmer said "much about St. Paul's day," he did not mean the day appropriated in the calendar to the Apostle Paul, but St. Erkenwuld's day, which was kept with great ceremony at St. Paul's Church, and so did not contradict those who favoured the 14th of November.

Mr. Brenan has devoted considerable space to the ill-fated Sir Thomas Percy, who, in 1557, became first Earl of Northumberland under the second creation; and tells, of course, of his devotion to the cause of the Queen of Scots; but is altogether silent regarding the Yaxley incident and Northumberland's refusal to disgorge the treasure. The story of the rising in 1569 is told with comparative fulness, as is its suppression, and the terrible punishment by which it was followed. He does not believe that there was a great Catholic conspiracy headed by Northumberland and Westmoreland at the end of October. He thinks that "it is highly probable that, beyond natural sympathy with the imprisoned heir to the throne, and a dislike for the treatment meted out to their co-religionists, the two earls had up to this time behaved with absolute loyalty." The letters of Guerau de Spes to the King of Spain, however, render this supposition untenable. Mr. Brenan says that "Elizabeth proclaimed a 'war of retribution' against the Catholics of the Northumbrian counties;" and that, "with the possible exception of Alva's atrocities in the Netherlands, no similar crime of the period surpassed in the number of its victims, and the utter injustice with which it was carried out, this northern massacre of the 'good Queen Bess.'" This is an exceedingly gross exaggeration; and yet it seems to find favour with Mr. Lindsay, who, instead of cautioning the reader as to the true character of this portion of Mr. Brenan's work, calmly affirms that this "Catholic persecution by Protestants" was far worse than that of the Protestants by Mary Tudor!

The punishment meted out to Elizabeth's northern rebels was severe and drastic; but it was neither so terrible nor so heartless as Mr. Brenan paints it. The diabolical picture which he holds up to view is vouched for by a series of extracts, some of which are manipulated, some misquoted, some garbled. One would not willingly believe that he has consciously used vitiated quotations, but would rather cling to the supposition that he has fallen into the discreditable and dangerous practice of gathering his material at second or third hand. "Elizabeth's thirst for blood" is magnified by the statement that one of her letters was written seven days after she received a certain despatch. As a matter of fact that despatch had only been sent off three days before she wrote, and in all probability it had not then reached her. He says that "the keen zest which Cecil experienced in persecution can best be realised from his official letters;" and, after giving a quotation, he adds:—"Alva, that 'man of blood,' could not have played the master-butcher more coolly than this Puritan closet-minister." The quotation, however, which he professes to give from one of Cecil's letters is taken in reality from one written by Sussex! Of Sir George Bowes, he says:—"It was his loudly expressed opinion that 'the best fruite a tree can bear is a dead traytour.'" It is so uncertain that this was Bowes' loudly expressed opinion that



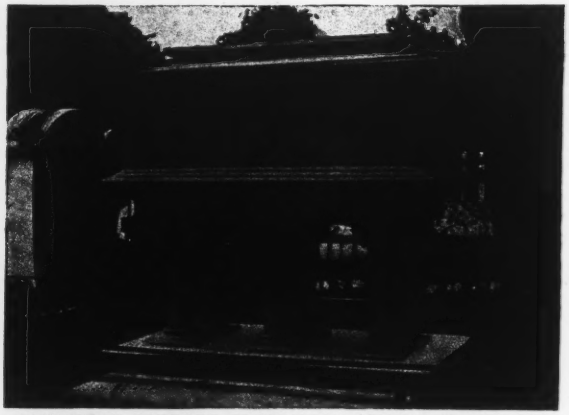
From photo by] ROBERT BROWNING. [*London Stereoscopic Co.*

"Long as he lived, he did not live long enough for one of his ideals to vanish, for one of his enthusiasms to lose its heat; to the last, as he so truly said, he 'never doubted clouds would break, never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph.' The subtlest of writers, he was the simplest of men, and he learned in serenity what he taught in song."—Edmund Gosse, in "Robert Browning Personalia."

THE PALAZZO REZZONICO.
Where Robert Browning died on Dec. 12th, 1889.

The beautiful palace on the Grand Canal, Venice, purchased by Mr. Robert Barrett Browning; to which home he took his young American wife. This was one of the few large palaces which retained its original statues, ceilings, and ornaments.

Collection of Augustin Rischgitz.



ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING'S MONUMENT IN THE CEMETERY AT FLORENCE.

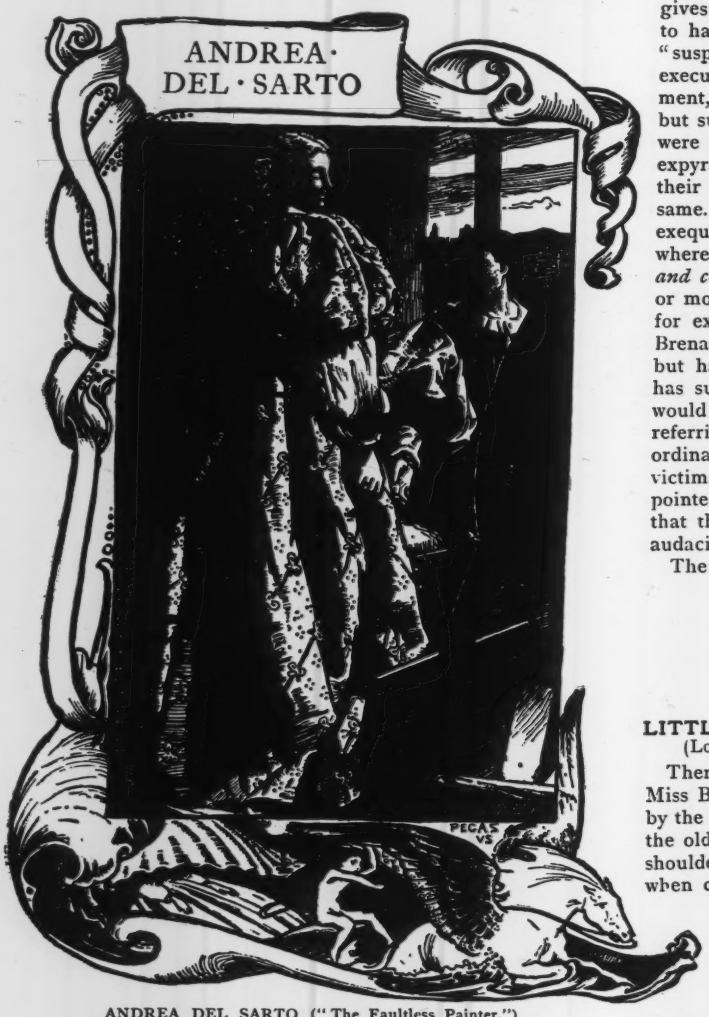
Mrs. Browning died at Casa Guidi on June 29th, 1861, and was buried at Florence. On Browning's death, nearly thirty years later, it was proposed to remove her remains to the Abbey, in order that husband and wife might rest side by side. This suggestion, however, was not carried out.

Collection of Augustin Rischgitz.

there is no proof beyond tradition that he ever expressed such an opinion. Of Bowes he further says:—"On January 23, he boasted that, in less than a fortnight he had put to death about 600 '*suspected rebels.*'" For this statement he gives no authority whatever; but happily the letter alluded to has been printed by Sir Cuthbert Sharp, and the word "suspected" does not occur in it! Bowes was so far from executing people merely on suspicion, that, in another document, he expressly says:—"There was none executed by me, but such as did confesse with their owne mouthes that they were in the actual rebellion, two dayes at least after the expyration of the first pardon; and stirrers of the rest of their neighbors to the rebellion or the contynuance of the same." In a letter to Cecil, Sussex says:—"Besides the exequution don in the great townes, ther shal be no towne where any men went out of the towne to serve the Earles, *and continued after the pardon proclaymed;* but one man, or more, as the bignes of the towne is, shall be exequuted for example, in the principall place of that towne." Mr. Brenan has not only failed to quote this passage accurately, but has omitted the important clause here italicised, and has substituted for it three dots! Had space permitted it would have been instructive to show how various extracts referring to the same executions are so arranged that any ordinary reader would understand that they relate to other victims. Other errors of various kinds might also have been pointed out. But perhaps enough has been said to show that this portion of Mr. Brenan's work savours more of the audacious novelist than of the sober historian.

The volumes are amply illustrated, and each has an index.

D. HAY FLEMING.



ANDREA DEL SARTO ("The Faultless Painter.").

From a drawing by Byam Shaw.

"So! keep looking so—
My serpentining beauty, rounds on rounds!
How could you ever prick those perfect ears,
Even to put the pearl there! oh, so sweet—
My face, my moon, my everybody's moon,
Which everybody looks on and calls his,
And, I suppose, is looked on by in turn,
While she looks—no one's: very dear, no less!
You smile? why, there's my picture ready made."

(Reproduced from "Poems by Robert Browning," by kind permission of Messrs. George Bell and Sons.)

Novel Notes.

LITTLE TALES OF LONG AGO. By Margaret Blaikie. (London: Gay and Bird.)

There is a charm all its own underlying the simplicity of Miss Blaikie's little book—a charm that will be quickly felt by the very little hearers for whom it is intended, but also by the older reader round whom they cluster, and over whose shoulder they stretch eagerly to see the pictures. Nowadays, when children's literature seems all to resolve itself into clever nonsense to amuse grown-up people, this unpretending little story-book, with its fire-light tales of when mummie was a little girl, and its quaint fairy lore, and its pure and simple English, will be doubly welcome.

FELIX. By Robert Hichens. 6s. (Methuen.)

"Felix" contains the most promising and the best work Mr. Hichens has ever done. There are two or three excellent scenes; there is one charming episode. But it is far from being a good novel. It is only a rather inconsequent succession of events, some of them described with power, others with conscientious tediousness of detail. The book starts with the evident intention of narrating the life of a

young man of letters. He is a boy when we first meet him, self-absorbed, ambitious, rebellious against the respectable English atmosphere in which he has been brought up—but interesting as the artist in embryo. We are quite as much impressed as Mr. Hichens means us to be by the lad's visions inspired by the statue of Balzac seen at Tours in the twilight; and his intercourse with Balzac's tailor in his cottage in the wood is told in one of the most delightful chapters we have met with in recent novels. His stay in France at an end, he comes to London to be a Balzac hero, or to become a man of letters on a Balzac model. But he does neither. His literary life is represented to us by his meeting with two or three writers, by one of whom is evidently meant D'Annunzio, and by his joining a school of journalism, an institution which, with its head and pupils, is lengthily but not at all vividly described. His social life is contained in the fact that he becomes devoted to a woman victim of the morphia habit, and is conceited enough to think he can serve her where her serious and experienced husband has failed. Mr. Hichens has evidently given some time to the study of the morphia habit, and he spares us few disagreeable details. But the one vivid fact about the young Felix is not that he is born to be a man of letters, or to triumph in society like another Rastignac, but that he is a graceless, awkward, ill-conditioned boy where his own family are concerned. The serious illness of his mother makes him ashamed of himself at last, and the story comes to an end with his repentance for his ill-manners. But is this the story that Mr. Hichens meant to tell? Or is the book to have a successor in which the Balzac inspiration of the boy at Tours and the contagious enthusiasm of the tailor will have some adequate consequence?

THE ADVENTURES OF SIR JOHN SPARROW, BART. By Harold Begbie. 6s. (Methuen.)

Let us say at once that in these "curious and diverting" adventures Mr. Harold Begbie has struck a rich and rare vein of original humour. Here is no conventional novel, but a sort of up-to-date "Don Quixote"; a pungent, breezily good-natured satire on contemporary manners. Sir John, a kindly little country gentleman, goes forth from his rural seclusion to find out the true way of salvation for the human race, being moved thereto by the exhortations of a mad Messiah. Leaving his Dulcinea, the fascinating widow Fitz Gerald, behind him, he ignores the opposition of the big, blustering, warm-hearted parson, Tom Shott, and, accompanied by his valet Tiplady, for a Sancho Panza, travels to London, with "an open mind," and there his adventures begin. Willing to give all beliefs a hearing, and to be converted to them if possible, he falls in with a fanatical evangelist, with Christian Socialists, vegetarians, fruitarians, Buddhists, theosophists — with all manner of men and communities who are exploiting any sort of panacea for the advantage of mankind. Sir John himself is a personality that you like the more because you laugh at him. He philosophises amusingly, but with no little shrewdness, on every opportunity; his friend Captain Chivvy, with his mania for betting and his readiness to admit that each new fad Sir John adopts is the right thing at last, is, with all his oddity, absolutely human. The Peace family, and all the vegetarian and fruitarian circle; Alexander Pontey, the apostle of Nature; Mr. Caraway Skyler, the theosophist—the various faddists who interest Sir John and convert him, are all caricatured with easy vigour and ability. The whole thing is almost the perfection of satiric humour, and the humour of it ranges from the quaintest slyness to the most outrageous burlesque, and is broad at times with a rascally wicked breadth that would have delighted Sterne. It is a distinctly clever book—the freshest and most original fiction that has been produced for many a long day.

THE MAID-AT-ARMS. R. W. Chambers. 6s. (Constable.)

The background of this stirring tale is the American War of Independence. To this Mr. Chambers adds a charming heroine, with a victorious lover, enough fighting to satisfy the most exacting, and some uncanny Indian revels. *Apropos* of the Indians we have rarely read anything so blood-curdling as the invoice sent with "forty-eight scalps assorted" to the English general. Mr. Chambers knows the country well, and he has drawn with many bold touches a good picture of the planters. The action moves on rapidly, and the style is always forceful, but the story as a whole would be more effective with less dialect. There are pages which made us sigh for a translation, and even the most brilliant of novels should read best in the original.

THOMPSON'S PROGRESS. C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

In spite of the vogue of the "one man" novel, only two can be said to have made any mark. Now the select company of Sherlock Holmes and Captain Kettle seems likely to be invaded by a third, one T. Thompson, poacher, collier, and merchant prince. Like all Mr. Cutcliffe's Hyne's heroes T. Thompson is a strong, masterful man. As he has the further advantage of never needing more than four hours' sleep, the reader will not be surprised to find him irresistible. The romance of commerce has hitherto been rather neglected, just as the psychologist has overlooked the distinctive qualities of the Yorkshireman. Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne is original, and never more original than in his gift of seeing romance in the unlikeliest places. "Thompson's Progress" is an emphatic success. We are fascinated by the career of this irrepressible and restless genius, with a weakness for poaching, who turns commerce into a magnificent game. For this is not a mere series of complicated episodes with a mechanical figure in the leading part. Thompson is a real

ROBERT BROWNING IN 1888.

From a portrait by Professor Legros, in the South Kensington Museum.

"It does not ignore the marks of advanced age in the face, but combines with these an expression of so much boldness and acuteness as to satisfy the spectator that vital energy and robust maturity of brain and heart continued unimpaired."—W. M. Rossetti, in the *Magazine of Art.*

(Reproduced by kind permission of the Artist.)

ROBERT BROWNING, 1887.
From the painting by his son, R. Barrett Browning.
(Reproduced from Mrs. Sutherland Orr's "Life and Letters of Robert Browning," by kind permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.)

man, and beyond the mere ingenuity of construction there lies true power in character study.

IN KINGS' BYWAYS. By Stanley Weyman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

Mr. Weyman is surely to be envied; for he is a born story-teller, and one of those gifted beings to whom history reveals itself as an unending romance. Steeped in the most picturesque period of French history, he is free from the fell craving to instruct or edify. No one would turn to "In Kings' Byways" to study the career of Henry of Navarre, yet few books could do more to tempt the reader to turn to real history. "Real history," however, is unjust to Mr. Weyman; for history is only real when it is interesting, and that Mr. Weyman never fails to be. The stories are in his best manner, and the sameness of the background in almost all gives the book a unity which is often wanting in collections of short stories. Where all are well constructed it is hard to discriminate, but for ingenuity the "Episode of the Boxwood Fire" must claim first place. We can only hope that there are still more unprinted pages of M. de Rosny's diary.

NEAR RELATIONS. By Adeline Sergeant. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Miss Sergeant has given us in "Near Relations" a thoroughly sound and healthy story for girls There is no sentimentality, and the love-making is kept within reasonable bounds. The conclusion is not too easily guessed, but the reader is never harassed by any serious misgivings. The heroine would have been a little more attractive (on paper) if she had shown some temper. A good point about Miss Sergeant's work is that she wastes little time in describing the heroine's clothes.

The Bookman's Table.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A "NEWSPAPER GIRL." By Elizabeth L. Banks. 6s. (Methuen.)

Miss Banks has written interestingly on so many subjects that it would have been strange indeed had she written otherwise on so interesting a subject as her own career. She tells us here, with characteristic vivacity, of how her journalistic life began, and through what hardships she struggled, with indomitable pluck, until success was within her grasp. It is no typical record of a "newspaper girl's" experiences, for Miss Banks is herself exceptional; all newspaper girls are not lucky enough at the outset to find appointments in offices where a chivalrous male staff insists on deputing one of its number to escort her home at night, or, when she dodges this kindly reporter, to find the same policeman on the same beat every night, week after week, ready to look out for her, and voluntarily fulfil that gentle duty. These and other such matters are, however, of minor importance; it is when she touches on the practical details of her newspaper work that Miss Banks is most informing and most satisfying. Divers of her adventures as an interviewer make capital reading; she paints her joys and her sorrows with so happy a gift that she gives even cold reality an air and aspect of romance. A chatty, entertaining book, full of whimsical, charming self-revelations, conscious and unconscious, and bearing on every page of it the impress of a brave, an original, and attractive personality.

SPORT AND POLITICS UNDER AN EASTERN SKY. By the Earl of Ronaldshay, F.R.G.S. 21s. net. (Blackwood.)

This handsomely got up and well illustrated volume appears at a very opportune moment. It is daily becoming more evident that the Persian question will at no distant date become the vexed problem of our foreign policy. This country is certain to be called on in the immediate future to decide whether it will allow Russia to extend her influence in Persia to the South, and thus obtain a footing on the shores

MR. BROWNING'S STUDY IN DE VERE GARDENS.
Engraved by G. Cook from a drawing by Felix Moscheles.
"He found an almost pathetic pleasure in completing the internal arrangements of the well-built, commodious house. His father's six thousand books, together with those he had himself accumulated, were for the first time to be spread out in their proper array, instead of crowding together in rows, behind and behind each other. The new bookcases, which could stand in the large new study, were waiting to receive them. He did not know until he tried to fulfil it how greatly the task would tax his strength. The library was, I believe, never completely arranged."
(Reproduced from Mrs. Sutherland Orr's "Life and Letters of Robert Browning," by kind permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.)

of the Persian Gulf. The second part of Lord Ronaldshay's book deals with his journey from Quetta to the shores of the Caspian, through the Sistan province of Southern Persia. On the way he spent some months at Nasratabad, the capital of that province, and his observations on the political situation prevailing there are most interesting. He is of opinion that the Persians of the South are more friendlily disposed to the British than to the Russians. The latter are, however, busy intriguing in our sphere of influence, and unless the Foreign Office bestirs itself there is great danger of our losing what little ground we have hitherto gained. At Nasratabad Lord Ronaldshay came across two Russian emissaries who professed to be naturalists collecting specimens, but who in reality were busy surveying the country, and gaining whatever information they could. The first part of this volume deals with the author's experiences whilst hunting big game in the side valleys of the Himalayas, and contains much interesting information about the people and the country which cannot fail to be serviceable to those who may desire to follow in his tracks.

THE UGANDA PROTECTORATE. By Sir Harry Johnston. In Two Volumes. 42s. net. (Hutchinson.)

Sir Harry Johnston's great work on Uganda can only be fitly described as the ideal book of travel. These two handsome volumes do great honour both to the author and to the publisher. The amount of learning contained between their covers would be appalling, if it were not for the skill with which it has been clothed in an attractive literary garb. The first volume deals with the history and the natural features of the Protectorate, whilst the second is given over to the more purely scientific side of the subject. It would be difficult to imagine a more beautifully illustrated work. Several hundreds of Sir Harry Johnston's own drawings and photographs are reproduced, as also nearly fifty full-page plates from his own paintings. The interest of the work is chiefly anthropological, but the geography, botany, and zoology of the Protectorate are also treated in great detail. These volumes form an important contribution to science, but at the same time this is by no means merely a treatise for specialists. There is hardly a dull page in it, and no up-to-date library can afford to be without it.

PATRIAE LUX. By the Duke and Duchess of Touraine and Douglas. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. (Richards.)

How should this astonishing book be classified? The attempt is beyond our powers—its scheme is so vast. A vaster never was conceived outside Bedlam! There is millinery in it, and a luscious Catholicism to make the Holy Father look grimly stern. There is Royalism of a temper beside which Gyp's seems a serious political creed. There is White Rose Leaguism, and transmigration of souls. There is snobbery and Planchette; there are Greek verses, and rhapsodies to France which would make a decent Frenchman shudder; while the whole mixture is a twaddle so unashamed as to reach the sublime. The heroine is a person called Sappho—significantly her friends name her Sapphie!—who is apparently a hopeless megalomaniac. She believes herself called into being to save France, *i.e.*, to upset the Republic by giving that country a Franco-Scottish king. Yet she apparently contrives to combine this scheme with loyalty to His Majesty Philippe VIII. She is devoted to her husband, quite as much devoted to several lovers, especially to the Duke of Douglas, who gives her £30,000 a year, and no less so to her king. Lest difficulties should ensue, she invents the strange belief that husband and lovers and king are one—a most convenient mysticism. But the muddle grows so great at last that she dies of it—and we nearly do the same.

MEMOIRS OF SIR EDWARD BLOUNT, K.C.B. Edited by Stuart J. Reid. With Three Photogravure Plates. 10s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

In these interesting memoirs there are more stirring events narrated than one generally finds in bankers' biographies. Member of an eminent Catholic family, he was as a young man in the thick of the struggle for Catholic emancipation. Bred to diplomacy, in his early days he saw a good deal of political life in Rome and Paris. Giving up diplomacy for banking, he spent the greater part of his long, laborious, and prosperous career in Paris, became the *doyen* of the English community there, and had a great deal to do with the organisation of French railways, being Chairman of the Ouest till a Chauvinistic policy thrust him out. Add to this that he was long and honourably known in the racing world. The most stirring portions of the book are those that relate his adventures during the Franco-German war and the siege of Paris. During the siege he was entrusted with the relief of his countrymen in the city, and his services extended far beyond his own compatriots. Sir Edward Blount has known how to be useful and loyal to the best interests of both countries, and among the long list of eminent men that have been his friends, the Frenchmen are as numerous as the Englishmen.

ROBERT BROWNING, JUST BEFORE HE LEFT FOR ITALY THE LAST TIME.

From a photo taken by W. H. Grove in August, 1889.

"From ten till one he spent the time in his study writing, and when I afterwards photographed him, I took him in an attitude I have seen him in thousands of times—his head leaning on his hand. He would sit like that for half an hour sometimes, and then take up his pen to jot something down."—W. H. Grove, in *Pall Mall Budget.*

URIJAH REES THOMAS: HIS LIFE AND WORK By David Morgan Thomas. 7s. 6d. (London: Hodder and Stoughton.)

This is the biography of a Christian worker. Mr. Thomas's qualities as a preacher were of a high order; but the man was

COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

NOVEMBER, 1902.

more than the preacher. He realised, with singular vividness, Browning's conception of life as "just the chance of the prize of learning love." From first to last, this interesting volume bears testimony to the generous love that won the love of others, and made life valuable. When we first glanced, for instance, at pp. 509-11, and saw the list of wreaths with attached inscriptions, it seemed waste of space. But taking it in connection with the life, there is not a line too much. It is more imperishable than a monument of brass: it speaks of the Passing of Love. It is altogether a biography that inspires and purifies. To read it is to have one's soul bathed in a fresh fountain, where the sunshine tarries.

The New Books of the Month.

SEPTEMBER 15TH TO OCTOBER 15TH, 1902.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

ARCHER-SHEPHERD, REV. E. H., M.A.—Three Bulwarks of the Faith, 5s net ..... (Rivington)

A book with a definite and encouraging aim, written to aid those who have but little leisure for probing the depths of Criticism and Science, by showing that these, when prosecuted in the right spirit, are strengthening instead of destructive to faith. The chapters deal with Evolution, the Higher Criticism, and the Resurrection of Christ.

BLAKE, REV. BUCHANAN, B.D.—Joseph and Moses: the Founders of Israel, 4s. ..... (T. and T. Clark)

BLOSIUS, LUDOVICUS.—A Short Rule and Daily Exercise. Translated by Bertrand Wilberforce, O.P., 6d. (Art and Book Co.)

BLOSIUS, LUDOVICUS.—Comfort for the Faint-Hearted, 2s. 6d. net ..... (Art and Book Co.)

BULBECK, REV. W. A., O.S.B.—The Date of the Crucifixion, 6d. ..... (Art and Book Co.)

Criticism of the New Testament, 6s. net ..... (John Murray)

In this volume are gathered the lectures delivered in St. Margaret's Church this year, with a view to making clearer to the multitude the results—the assured results—of Biblical science, and imparting a real knowledge of the methods and conclusions, used and arrived at by contemporary scholars. The names of Dr. Sanday, Dr. Kenyon, Dr. Chase, Dr. Barnard, Mr. A. C. Headlam, and Mr. F. C. Burkitt, on the title-page, are sufficient to prove the soundness and sincerity of the teaching here offered.

CURTISS, SAMUEL IVES, D.D.—Primitive Semitic Religion To-Day, 6s. net ..... (Hodder and Stoughton)

DIEULAFOY, MARCEL.—David the King. Translated from the French. By Lucy Hotz, 7s. 6d. net ..... (Fisher Unwin)

EVERETT, CHARLES CARROLL, D.D., LL.D.—The Psychological Elements of Religious Faith. Edited by Edward Hale, 5s. net ..... (Macmillan)

KING, HENRY CHURCHILL.—Theology and the Social Consciousness, 5s. net ..... (Macmillan)

LOGAN, REV. J. MOFFAT.—Did Jesus Claim to be God? 3d. (A. H. Stockwell)

LYMAN, ALBERT J., D.D.—Preaching in the New Age, 2s. 6d. net ..... (Robinson, Manchester)

MATHESON, GEORGE, D.D., LL.D., etc.—The Representative Men of the Bible, 6s. ..... (Hodder and Stoughton)

RIPON, The LORD BISHOP OF.—An Introduction to the Study of the Scripture. Temple Bible Edition, 1s. net ... Dent

STALBERG, ISAAC O.—The Lamp of Friendship. The Baptist Pulpit, XXV., 2s. 6d. net ..... (A. H. Stockwell)

SWANSON, WILLIAM S., M.A.—Gethsemane, and Other Sermons, 3s. 6d. ..... (A. H. Stockwell)

VANCE, JAMES T., D.D.—The Rise of a Soul, 3s. 6d. net (Robinson, Manchester)

"Heaven is not a robe of a certain fashion, a crown of a certain size, a harp of a certain gamut, and a long drawn out Sunday. Heaven is the ineffable peace of a soul returning to the father." In this boldly written, truth-revealing book are to be found sympathy, realisation of difficulties, and a spur to a higher life.

VARLEY, HENRY, B.A.—Scientia Christi, 2s. 6d. ... (Elliot Stock)

WALKER, REV. W. L.—The Cross and the Kingdom, 9s. (T. and T. Clark)

WELLDON, J. E. C., D.D.—The Revelation of the Holy Spirit, 6s. ..... (Macmillan)

WILLIAMS, REV. T. LLOYD.—The Twentieth Century for Christ, 3d. ..... (Wells Gardner)

NEW EDITIONS.

Acts, and Pastoral Epistles. Timothy, Titus, and Philemon. Edited by B. B. Warfield, D.D. Temple Bible, 1s. net (Dent)

BROWNE, SIR THOMAS.—Religio Medici. Bibelot Series, 2s. 6d. net ..... (Gay and Bird)

Fuller's Thoughts. Edited by A. R. Waller. Religious Life Series, 3s. 6d. net ..... (Grant Richards)

Job and Ruth, The Books of. Edited by W. E. Addis, M.A. Temple Bible, 1s. net ..... (Dent)

Joshua and Judges, The Books of. Edited by A. R. S. Kennedy, D.D. Temple Bible, 1s. net ..... (Dent)

Kings, the First and Second Books of. Edited by J. Robertson, D.D. Temple Bible, 1s. net ..... (Dent)

Pauline Epistles, The Later. Romans, Ephesians, Phillippians, and Colossians. Edited by the Lord Bishop of Durham. Temple Bible, 1s. net ..... (Dent)

Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and the Song of Solomon. Edited by D. S. Margoliouth. Temple Bible, 1s. net ..... (Dent)

TURTON, MAJOR W. H.—The Truth of Christianity ... (Jarrold)

WATSON, JOHN.—The Life of the Master, 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton)

FICTION.

ALDEN, W. L.—Drewitt's Dream, 6s. ..... (Chatto)

ALDRICH, THOMAS BAILEY.—A Sea Turn, and Other Matters, 1s. ..... (David Douglas)

BARRY, J. A.—Red Lion and Blue Star, with Other Stories, 6s. (Hutchinson)

BEGBIE, HAROLD.—The Adventures of Sir John Sparrow, Bart., 6s. ..... (Methuen)

BESANT, WALTER.—No Other Way, 6s ..... (Chatto)

BETTY, F.—Sketches from Paris, 3s. 6d. ..... (Sands)

This sort of stuff might pass in one schoolgirl's letter to another, but it cannot stand the cold light of print.

BOLDREWOOD, ROLF.—The Ghost Camp, 6s. ... (Macmillan)

BOTTOME, PHYLLIS.—Life the Interpreter, 6s. ... (Longmans)

A good story, well proportioned, sufficiently serious, with a strain of worldliness and lightness to make it real, as a story of "Life" must be.

BOYD, MARY STUART.—With Clipped Wings, 6s. (Hutchinson)

BRIGHT, FLORENCE.—A Girl Capitalist, 6s. ..... (Chatto)

BULLEN, FRANK T.—A Whaleman's Wife, 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton)

CABLE, GEORGE.—Bylow Hill, 5s. ..... (Hodder and Stoughton)

CHAMBERS, R. W.—The Maid-at-Arms, 6s. ..... Constable

CLOUSTON, J. STORER.—The Adventures of M. D'Haricot, 6s. (Blackwood)

COBB, THOMAS.—The Head of the Household, 6s. (Chapman and Hall)

COLERIDGE, GILBERT and MARION.—Jan Van Elselo, 6s. (Macmillan)

Courtship of Ferb, The. Translated into English Prose and Verse. By A. H. Leahy. Illustrations by Caroline Watts, 2s. net (David Nutt)

DALBY, WALTER.—A Modern St. Anthony, 2s. 6d. (Heinemann)

This is the story of the temptation of the Rev. Anthony Hart, who went from his comparatively humble home and his father's chapel to be a Nonconformist missionary in Ceylon. After a well and vivaciously described voyage as first-class passenger on board the liner *Afghanistan*, he reaches his destination and is taken in hand by the chief missionary and his daughter, Miss Emily Holmes. But after engaging himself to the unattractive Miss Emily, the Rev. Anthony goes up-country to an isolated station, and falls beneath the fascination of one of the most irresistible women holidaying in the land. The book professes to be but a "novelette," but within its scope it is extremely successful. There are a few loose ends, but the author has genuine power and undeniable delicacy of touch, and his book is one calculated to bring distinction on what should form an attractive series.

DIXON, R. L.—The Priest and the Princess, 6s. ..... (Hutchinson)

DIXON, THOMAS.—The Leopard's Spots, 6s. ... (Grant Richards)

DRUMMOND, HAMILTON.—The Beaufoy Romances, Illustrated ..... (Ward, Lock)

FARJEON, B. L.—The Mystery of the Royal Mail, 6s. (Hutchinson)

Mr. Farjeon's book deals with the lives of twin brothers and an admirable girl. The twins were alike in appearance, but oh, the difference in character! Stephen was "little better than a surface butterfly," whatever that may be, Andrew was serious, upright, given to the accumulation of wealth honestly, but leaving much to be desired as a wooer. The admirable girl loved the "surface butterfly," but he, in his light way, deserted her and left her to marry Andrew to save her father's name from disgrace. The book is packed full of incident, plotting, and misunderstandings; detectives are employed, and the Royal Mail is robbed; the tale goes quickly, and is not overweighted by explanations or merely ornamental writing. We only suggest, as a small point, that a will must be signed by two witnesses above the age of twenty-one.

FENN, GEO. MANVILLE.—Black Shadows, 6s. ..... (Chatto)

FORBES, HON. MRS. WALTER R. D.—Unofficial, 6s. (Constable)

A clever duchess, who is good, in this book outwits a clever French count who is not so good. After a prologue, a discussion, and a journey to France, we have a two days' drama in which the clever duchess saves from numerous evils and solid unhappiness the godchild she has unwittingly neglected. The style is pleasing and straightforward, and the dialogue is often good beyond the usual.

For Her Sex. Extracts from a Girl's Diary, 2s. ..... (Heinemann)

FRANCIS, M. E.—The Manor Farm, 6s. ..... (Longmans)

GALLON, TOM.—The Mystery of John Peppercorn, 6s. (Hutchinson)

GARLAND, HAMLIN.—The Captain of the Grey-Horse Troop, 6s. ..... (Grant Richards)

GARNIER, RUSSELL.—When Spurs were Gold, 6s. (George Allen)

GILBERT, HENRY.—The Captain of His Soul, 6s. (George Allen

GILCHRIST, R. MURRAY.—Natives of Milton, 3s. 6d. (Grant Richards)

A volume of dialect stories from Mr. Murray Gilchrist's pen

is always welcome. He seems to know the very hearts of the Peakland people, as he assuredly knows their beauties and their humours, their strengths and weaknesses.

GRAHAM, WINIFRED.—A Child at the Helm, 3s. 6d. (Newnes)
The child at the helm is named "Adora," and she manages the tiller with skill. The awakening of a man's cold heart, the foiling of the plans of a designing woman, and the bringing together of two lovers, are some of her duties in the book, and she carries them out with a bright charm which has appealed to Mr. Brock, her illustrator, as it is sure to appeal to all readers.

GUNTER, ARCHIBALD CLAVERING.—The Empty Hotel, 6s. (Ward, Lock)
"The Empty Hotel" is a good title for this kind of story, and a good background for it also. The author of "Mr. Barnes of New York" has woven here a fine mysterious romance of money, plots, spies, beautiful ladies, and locomobiles. It goes quickly, is crammed with incident, is thrilling and audacious.

GUTTENBERG, VIOLET.—Neither Jew nor Greek, 6s. (Chatto)
Is concerned with Jews of many types and classes, and also with mixed marriages of Jews and Christians. The story, which goes to show that love breaks down barriers of creed, is dedicated to Miss Corelli "as a slight tribute to her GENIUS."

HAYDEN, ELEANOR G.—From a Thatched Cottage, 6s. (Constable)

HICHENS, ROBERT.—Felix, 6s. ..... (Methuen)

HIGGINS, ELIZABETH.—Out of the West, 6s. ..... (Harper)
A story of American political life. The heroine, who is constantly and irritatingly called Joan of Arc, whom she does not in the least resemble, begins as an emotional stump-orator, and ends as the deliverer of her weak husband from the temptations of a corrupt political circle. A story with such a motive is evidently well-intentioned. It should also be interesting, but "Out of the West" is not.

HOPE, ANTHONY.—The Intrusions of Peggy, 6s. (Smith, Elder)

HOYT, ELEANOR.—The Misdemeanors of Nancy, 3s. 6d. (Grant Richards)

HYNE, C. J. CUTCLIFFE.—Thompson's Progress, 6s. (Grant Richards)

IDDESLEIGH, The EARL OF.—Luck O'Lassendale, 6s. (John Lane)

JEPSON, EDGAR.—The Dictator's Daughter, 6s. ..... (Cassell)

JEPSON, EDGAR.—The Sentimental Warrior, 6s. (Grant Richards)

JONES, W. BRAUNSTON.—Sin Chong (The Faithful Heart), 3s. 6d. ..... (Walter Scott)

KEITH, LESLIE.—A Pleasant Rogue, 6s. ... (Hurst and Blackett)

KIPLING, RUDYARD.—Just So Stories, 6s. ..... (Macmillan)

LE FEUVRE, AMY.—A Daughter of the Sea, 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton)

LINDSAY, HARRY.—The Story of Leah, 6s. ..... (Chatto)

LITTLE, CLARKE.—"Outlaws." Illustrated. 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock)

MACK, LOUISE (Mrs. J. P. Creed).—An Australian Girl in London, 6s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)
"There's nothing in the world as large as London—to an Australian." So to London, in spite of all allurements on the way, the Australian girl comes, and she pleases us by hurling no sneers at our griminess and our irregular streets and our "coldness" and "unfriendliness"; but by realising the profound meaning and mystery and beauty of our city, and by crediting us with a desirable strength in our natures. She is not only courteous and affectionate towards us, but she is herself all the time; she comes to us gradually, it is true, she laughs a little, and criticises. But the book is a book to be read, for in it we learn to see something of Australia from the inside, and of England from the outside—sights which are not only pleasant, but good for us.

MACMAHON, ELLA.—Such as Have Erred, 6s. ... (Hutchinson)
Hardly up to the standard of this writer's former books, yet the story is of average interest and skill. The particular error referred to in the title is the foolish marriage of the hero when a youth. It entails serious consequences, but everything turns out satisfactorily in the end, as the detrimental lady's claims are disallowed by a charge of bigamy. The characterisation of the book is moderately vigorous, and the scenes, laid alternately in Rome, London, and Ireland, provide abundant variety of background.

MAGNAY, SIR WILLIAM, BART.—The Man of the Hour. Illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen, 6s. ... (Ward, Lock)

MARNAN, BASIL.—A Fair Freebooter, 6s. ..... (Cassell)

MARNAN, BASIL.—The Resident Magistrate, 6s. (Hurst and Blackett)

McAULAY, ALLAN.—Poor Sons of a Day, 6s. ..... (Nisbet)

MEE, HUAN.—Weaving the Beb, 3s. 6d. ..... (Ward, Lock)

MONTAGU, LILY H.—Broken Stalks, 6s. ..... (Brimley Johnson)
Miss Montagu's intention is excellent; unfortunately her execution is not. It is characteristic of her crudeness of workmanship that her characters have to think aloud for whole chapters.

MOWBRAY, J. P.—Tangled Up in Beulah Land, 6s. ...(Constable)

OLIPHANT, MRS.—Stories of the Seen and Unseen, 3s. 6d. (Blackwood)

PARKER, GILBERT.—Donovan Pasha, 6s. ..... (Heinemann)

POTTER, MARGARET H.—Istar of Babylon: A Phantasy, 6s. (Harpers)
A considerable amount of learned research has gone to the preparation of this tale of ancient Babylon. A reader's chief objection to it must lie in the difficulty of realising Istar as at once a heroine of earthly romance—she is the beloved of Belshazzar—and as a goddess come down to earth for a space to find "man's relation to God." But if the book does not show the best kind of imagination, it displays eloquence of no mean order.

"Q."—The White Wolf, 6s. ..... (Methuen)

ROBERTSON, MAUDE.—Kitty Adair, 6s. (Heywood, Manchester)
A "market-garden idyll," brightly written, and by no means devoid of plot. But market-gardening in this case must not be a misunderstood term; this is the real thing, with lectures and students, and a titled patron—not patroness. Kitty Adair practised some deception, but there was no deception about her gardening capacity, or her beauty.

SARGENT, H. GARTON.—A Woman and a Creed, 6s. (Blackwood)

SELLON, E. MILDRED.—Only a Kitten, and Other Stories, 3s. 6d. ..... (Fisher Unwin)
All who love animals will be delighted with this book; all who do not love animals will be the better for it. To impart pleasure and a lesson is an enviable lot. Miss Sellon has achieved this.

SERAS, MATILDE.—The Conquest of Rome, 6s. ... (Heinemann)

SERGEANT, ADELINE.—Near Relations, 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton)

SHERARD, R. H.—The Ghost's Revenge, and Other Stories, 6s. (Digby, Long)
"The Ghost's Revenge" contains an extremely good idea; and although Mr. Sherard has allowed his handling of it to slacken towards the finish, the story is striking and full of possibilities. The picture of the clever, poverty-stricken author slaving, at the rate of three-halfpence a line, at the serial story supposed to be written by a popular author, who is receiving for it a franc a line, is well drawn. The failure of the popular author to pay the weekly wage to his "ghost," and his "ghost's" action in the matter, are decidedly worth following. Eleven other stories of modern Paris are included in the volume.

SILBERRAD, U. L.—The Success of Mark Wyngate, 6s. (Constable)

SLOSSON, ANNIE TRUMBULL.—Aunt Abby's Neighbours, 2s. 6d. net ..... (Revell)
Aunt Abby is a homely saint, who talks in a shrewd way of theology, her neighbours, friendship, and other matters, abstract and otherwise, and wears herself out in the service of her fellows. Humour and pathos are blended in these humble annals.

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TOURAINE AND DOUGLAS, The DUKE AND DUCHESS OF.—Patriae Lux, 12s. 6d. net ..... (Grant Richards)

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VAN EEDEN, FREDERIC.—The Deeps of Deliverance, 6s. (Fisher Unwin)

WARDEN, GERTRUDE.—Set to Partners, 6s. ... (Digby, Long)

WEST, CONSTANCE.—Aspirations, 3s. 6d. ... (Grant Richards)

WESTALL, WILLIAM.—The Sacred Crescents, 6s. ..... (Chatto)

WEYMAN, STANLEY J.—In King's Byways, 6s. (Smith, Elder)

WILLIAMSON, C. N. AND A. M.—The Lightning Conductor. Illustrated, 6s. ..... (Methuen)

WILLIAMSON, MARJORIE.—John Faliner's Daughter, 6s. (Syd. H. E. Foxwell)

WILSON, AUGUSTA EVANS.—A Speckled Bird, 6s. (Hutchinson)
To a reviewer wallowing in the slough of the slangy novels of the day this American story comes to refresh and elevate. The hero and heroine are extremely uncomfortable persons, who invent a cause of separation, so that they may be interesting enough to write a novel about; but their language is of a grandiloquence, and their demeanour of a dignity indescribable. There is but one fall from the heights, and it is apologised for—"'Vernon—pardon the lapse into argot—don't!'"

WILSON-BARRETT, A.—A Soldier's Love, 6s. ... (Ward, Lock)
A stirring story of adventure, the scene of which is seventeenth century France. The book seems modelled on Mr. Stanley Weyman's romances, and Mr. Wilson-Barrett does credit to his master.

WINCHESTER, M. E.—The Heart of Youth, 6s. ... (Digby, Long)

WINTER, JOHN STRANGE.—Uncle Charles, 6s. (Hurst and Blackett)
John Strange Winter always writes in bright, facile style, and this story of the doings of Aunt Marian and Uncle Charles, and the ups and downs of the young artist, Alan Forbes, and his wife—though scarcely a story so much as a description of how the young people became engaged and married, how much it cost to furnish, what they bought, what they ate, and what their friends did and said—is smoothly written and mildly entertaining. Perhaps Uncle Charles's "flabbiness" is too often insisted upon, and the space occupied by references to food and feeding, somewhat excessive; but no doubt the book will win its own popularity by reason of its "everyday interest," and its gossipy style of treatment.

NEW EDITIONS.

AUSTEN, JANE.—Pride and Prejudice. Northanger Abbey. Hampshire Edition. Decorations by Miss Blanche MacManus. 2 Vols. 2s. net each ..... (Brimley Johnson)

BALZAC, HONORE DE.—The Two Young Brides. With Critical Introduction by Henry James ..... (Heinemann)

BETHAM-EDWARDS, M.—Two Aunts and a Nephew, 6d. (Arrowsmith)

CAINE, HALL.—The Eternal City ..... (Heinemann)
DAUDET, ALPHONSE.—Tartarin of Tarascon, Tartarin on the Alps. Illustrated. 2 Vols. Temple Series, 1s. 6d. net each ..... (Dent)
DOYLE, A. CONAN.—The Green Flag, and Other Stories, 6d. (Newnes)
DUMAS, ALEXANDRE.—Twenty Years After. Illustrated. New Translation by Henry L. Williams. 1s. 6d. (Ward, Lock)
FIELDING, HENRY.—Amelia. 3 Vols. Temple Edition. 4s. 6d. net ..... (Dent)
FIELDING, HENRY.—Tom Jones. 4 Vols. Temple Edition. 6s. net ..... (Dent)
GASKELL, MRS.—Cranford. Illustrated by Hugh Thompson. With preface by Anne Thackeray Ritchie. 2s. net (Macmillan)
GIBBONS, WILLIAM FUTHEY.—Those Black Diamond Men, 6s. ..... (Fleming H. Revell)
GOLDSMITH, OLIVER.—The Vicar of Wakefield. Illustrated by Hugh Thomson. 2s. net ..... (Macmillan)
HILL, HEADON.—Caged! 6d. ..... (Ward, Lock)
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ONE SHILLING.

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